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Each trivial circumstance recalled with care,
Is turned, and twisted, to afford a proof
Additional, and *'trifles light as air,*
Are dwelt upon as confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.' Nor in the breast
Of man, alone, is she content to reign;
From beauty's rosy lips, how oft we hear
Her withering accents fall; a sister's fame
Is tossed from mouth to mouth with cruel scorn,
And conscious innocence availeth nought
Against the whispered charge.

2 Or my Haliburton, who taught us her glory. ***Page* 115.**

I make no apology for parodying the following memorable assertion of our late venerable Attorney General: 'Nobody ever supposed Scotland to be such a country as it is, until Sir John Sinclair published his Statistical account of it.'

Nor did any body suppose Nova Scotia to be such a fine flourishing and interesting country as it is, until Judge Haliburton published his Historical and Statistical account of it—and still to the stranger that dwelleth beyond the 'broad waters,' his luminous work is not unlike the report of Soloman's glory that reached the ears of Sheba's Queen.

3 Edwin the 'Lord of her lute and her lays.' ***Page* 115.**

What Pope said of Akenside is very applicable to this masculine Poet, "this is no every day writer."

NOTE TO THE TRUANT AND FOAMWREATH.

1 Maid of the Isle. ***Page* 158.**

This article was originally designed for a young Lady's Album, but being inconveniently long, has received another destination.

THE

WITCH OF THE WESTCOT;

A Tale of Nova-Scotia,

IN THREE CANTOS;

AND OTHER

WASTE LEAVES OF LITERATURE.

BY ANDREW SHIELS.

Leeze me on rhyme; its aye a treasure,
My chief—amaist my only pleasure,
At home, a field, at wark or leisure;
My muse, poor hizzie,
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
She's seldom lazy. BURNS.

HALIFAX.

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1831.

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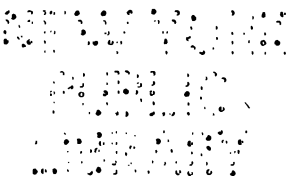
TO LAWRENCE HARTSHORNE, Esq.

Sir,

Having often marked your urbanity as a Gentleman, in public—felt your friendship in private, and experienced your uprightness and integrity as a merchant; and deeming you a fit and proper person to represent "the Bard" in the general assembly of Letters—I hereby declare you duly elected a Patron of the Acadian Muse, and further inscribe to you this volume of "prose run mad" as your diploma of honour and office.

Given under my hand (no poet being rich enough to wear a seal) at Ellenvale, this first day of June, in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty One.

ANDREW SHIELS.



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PREFACE.

When an Author fails to please the public, he generally does not fail at the same time to find an abundant quantity of subterfuges suitable to the occasion. Among other items, the advice of friends usually holds a conspicuous situation—not such, however, is the case in the present instance; and although I do not exercise the full benefits resulting from a common privilege, yet I may be allowed to mention briefly a few of the difficulties that have crossed my literary labours, and if after all, that impartial jury the public should find me 'wanting,' it may afford an opportunity for my friends to prove their innocence (if not their ignorance) of the *Bard* becoming a candidate for the suffrage of the Muse.

The first thing I offer to exculpate at least a part of my rhyming delinquencies, is that of being an expatriated Scotsman—as a fruit tree that hath been transplanted after it has attained maturity, may perhaps yield a faint foliage to the genial embraces of spring, but forbears to lavish its "beauties on the desert air," or as the fond heart that has *once* felt the holier impulses of early love and been prematurely blighted, exists (or rather riots) on its own bitterness—even such is the author of this volume, an enthusiastic lover of his native land, but formerly a very stranger to his own feelings,

——————— and little knew
Love is so terrible when true.

Secondly, to a native of Scotland, there is a striking change apparent, and frequently imposing on the most careless observer, connected with almost every thing in Nova-Scotia. The most prominent feature is the language—a sudden change from the vernacular tongue of an outlandish borderer, to pure English, is (at least was to me) rather an awkward transit, to say nothing of the infinite associations of time, place and circumstance, in that poetical country. Passing however the manners and customs of the people, the next thing that presents itself, (especially to a poet) is the difference of scenery—instead of the "mountains high" and "hills of green,"—the beautiful vale, breathing with imagery, including mouldering abbey, delapidated tower, ruin'd camps of Dane and Roman, fields of battle where the warriors fought and fell, princely palaces, classic rivers and sylvan brooks (each bearing its own specific designation and its legend besides) of my "pleasant Teviotdale" let the traveller in Nova-Scotia ask what is the name of yonder dwelling? the answer is almost universally Mr. Such or such-a-ones' farm, and that contains all the variations of its History; or enquire the name of the dull half forgotten, or perhaps unknown stream, in any quarter of the province, and ten to one but it is either *Nine mile* or *Salmon river*.*

The last I shall enumerate at present is (for a long preface is rather an awkward appendage) the apathy for poetry that exists in Nova-Scotia. In all Europe the sons of genius, more particularly the children of song, have shared at least honourable mention from their countrymen; and although poetry has a peculiar affinity to piety and patriotism, yet praise is the

* The Author being once travelling in the Western part of the Province, fell in with a Labourer on the banks of a rivulet, and naturally enough enquired the name of the stream.—Why said the "man of feeling" its no stream at all! its only *the creek* "there"—Having arrived at Annapolis, I came accidentally into the company of a gentleman who was certainly blessed with a classical education; among other queries concerning the localities of the former capital, asked where the Laquille river lay? 'no such river in this place, Sir, said the gentleman. No! returned I, not a little surprised 'Haliburton has it laid down in his map as the Laquille or Allan River,' 'O D—n me, no river at all' said he, 'only Allan creek! dont I know as well as Haliburton?"

ath on which that chamelion a poet exists; and however il the tenure, it is the alpha and omega of his intellectual).

I own I labor for the voice of praise,
For who would sink in dark oblivion's stream,
Who would not live in songs of distant days.

WOLCOT.

There is a charm, a magic power,
To charm the old, delight the young,
In lordly hall, in rustic bower,
In every clime, in every tongue,
Howe'er its sweet vibrations rung,
In whipers low, in poet's lays,
There lives not one who has not hung
Enraptured on the voice of praise.

MITFORD.

other is the fate of the Bard in America, more particular- of Nova-Scotia. In extenuation, it must be admitted, that it ı young country, where Society is only in embryo, and the ıabitants being a remnant of many nations, there is scarcely : any standard feature as a nucleus to the whole, excepting :ertain species of vanity, discernable even in the most iso- ed situations of life, and, I am sorry to add, often accompa- ıd with a spirit of detraction, and not unfrequently slander. The amiable apostle James, says, "My brethren these ings ought not to be," but this as well as other precepts, both ristian and moral, has been shamefully neglected, and in ıny instances winked out of sight altogether. However, this a digression from my preface; therefore, I shall conclude observing, that if the scholar or the critic expect a feast ɔm my labours, they will both meet with a disappointment; e Author, a Blacksmith by profession, or more properly, by ıcessity, unacquainted even with the simplest elements of edu- ıtion, but heiring a spirit that would not be made "subject bondage willingly" spurned at the never ending drudgery forging thunder bolts to Jupiter, and sought for a hiding

place under the mantle of the muse. Nor has the boon been altogether denied, in despite of fortune's frowning face, or

"The luckless star that rules his lot,
"And skrimps his fortune to the groat."

Finally the volume was announced to the public, not from any pecuniary motive, but merely from the vanity of becoming an Author.—Often and severely have I repented my temerity, since the prospectus was published; it is one thing to write a few verses now and then for a weekly paper, under an anonymous signature, and quite another to come before the public with something in the "shape of a Book." However, this is no "whining appeal"—these poems are now common property, and with all my faults, I am not coward enough to turn my back, before trying the battle. But even if the dreams of enthusiasm are not realized, still a certain degree of happiness is mine, arising from a consciousness, that there is no questionable language nor exceptionable sentiment to be found in the poems of

ALBYN.

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Witch of the Westcot.

CANTO I.

Muse of the west—Acadia thine,
That in the forest veils thy shrine,
A truant Boy, unknown to fame,
(Delighted with such humble name)
A pilgrimage has often made
At midnight to thy sylvan shade;
Oft ere the Lark flaunts in the air,
My rosary is conned with care,

And, as dim twilight weaves her veil,
Awakes the idle truant's tale ;
Yet, ever and anon, I ween,
Unblest my orisons have been.

Beloved idol—yet I come,
(Ah! why should Albyn's harp be dumb?)
I come to glean, in vesper hours,
Amongst thy long neglected flow'rs;
Who knows but still, where bards have been,
Some slips, unculled, are waving green ?
Who knows, but ev'n in frozen vales,
Some leaves, unwither'd, brave the gales ;
And tho' but one—O ! let it be
Glen-malcom's flower,* supplied from thee.
Tho' counted small beside the boughs
That rustle round more classic brows,
Still friendship, love, and even fame,
On such a symbol holds a claim,
And prodigal enough of joy
And jewels, for a truant boy.

* The snow-drop.

Leila, attend me thro' the maze,
Where poets court the voice of praise ;
And, should I bow at such a shrine,
Come the response from lips like thine.

Where Neptune rolls his briny store
Along Chebucto's eastern shore,
Upon the beach, where mortal eye
Might scarce a dwelling place espy,
Between Fort Clarence and Green Bay,
A lady lived in former day ;
A little clump of stunted trees
Her cottage sheltered from the breeze ;
A garden plot of herbs and flow'rs
Claim'd all her care in summer hours.
Day after day, her frugal board,
With mussels from the beach was stored ;
Tho' now, perchance, for such a scene
The longing eye might look in vain ;
Hope blessed her home, and sweet content
Her leisure at this lodging spent.

To human view she lived alone—
Child or domestic she had none ;
Companion, male nor female, there
E'er came to own or court her care.
The curious eye that vigils kept,
Could mark no inmate hers, except
(Blest heirs of woman's special grace,)
The harmbless vegetable race.

Around her form the graces flung
Their gifts divine, while she was young,
And tho' rude time had reft away
The bloom of youth's imperious day,
Some features still were faintly traced,
That ev'n old age had not effaced,
And eyes, where grief and beauty met,
Seem'd like twin pearls in rubies set.

Time flitted by, and years begun
Unnoted, as years oft have done ;

Stern winter first his exit made,
Next spring her passing tribute paid;
Then summer came, and autumn, too—
But, wonderful! still nothing new!
(Whatever was, or might have been,)
At this lone hermitage was seen.
'Twas marvellous! 'twas very strange!
She lived so long, and still no change,
Till when or how did she come there
Was ev'ry idle gossip's care.

"What is her name?" surmise began,
And rumour with the tidings ran;
"What is her name?" enquired report,
And whispered it again for sport;
From whispers next suspicion claim'd
To have the mystery new framed;
Still paraphrased at ev'ry change,
It grew a legend, wild and strange;
Enough—albeit a little frail,
To form a Novascotian tale.

Curse on that heart—whatever claim
It holds upon the niche of fame,
(Nor less, nor lighter, fall the shower
On strangers to that awful power,)
Would wantonly presume to wound
One breast where innocence is found;
Or, with polluted lips, destroy
The hallowed haunts of human joy.

Nor has that partisan of power,
("Shorn of her beams" in evil hour,)
The Muse, the Muse, alas! been less
A foe to female happiness;
And tho' verse has in elder time
Been made the vehicle of crime,
Still it is hers in peace and strife
To trace the labrynths of life—
To mark the footsteps vice has trode,
And bar the gates to her abode;
And still by charter hold prepared,
For suffering virtue watch and ward.

O, Leila! ask me not for why
Yon maiden's bosom heaves a sigh,
Or wherefore on her youthful brow
Hangs such deep melancholy now;
Ask not for what her mother wears
A countenance, bedew'd with tears—
A countenance, the time has been,
Where never ought, save joy, was seen;
Or whence the blush of crimson dye,
That palsy's Victor's cloudless eye?
Ah! deem not love creates the storm,
That leaves such wreck on Laura's form.
Suspicion and her demon twin,
Surmise, have lit the flame within.
Start not—nor bid me further tell
What wizard framed the wierd-like spell.
But oft in vain a lover's arm
Has been exorcist o'er such charm.
There, too, the fount whose fatal springs
A mother's heart with sorrow wrings;

But sword nor tear will aught avail
The victim, *whereby hangs a tale.*

Ideas, however vague or vain,
Usurp the vacuum of the brain ;
These to conjecture yield their place,
And thoughts next occupy the space—
The space, by words in turn, is claim'd,
And thus a tale at once is fram'd.
Tales are not all exactly true,
But that is nothing, if they're new.

Surmise began—" Why, it is said,
She is an old forsaken maid ;"
But made no question there would be
Some clue yet to the mystery.

Rumour declared, that she was sorry,
Yet could not misbelieve the story ;
But own'd that something in the matter
Was of a most peculiar nature ;

For it was common, once before,
She was a worthless paramour;
That, by some wicked trick or other,
Had made herself a childless mother,
And finish'd with a hellish leer,
That told of more than met the ear.

Report had listen'd to the tale,
And posted off to Elenvale;
But what is most extremely odd,
Forgot one half o' it by the road;
Or rather, by repeating o'er
The legend in her little tour,
Ere Hitchcoke's holm she could get cross'd,
The whole original was lost.

The beldame stood to recollect it,
The thing again, without effect;
Thrice swept away the cloud that sought
To stay the current of her thought,

And rifled every latent cell,
Where mem'ry keeps her chronicle ;
From fancy conjured many a shade,
That levity and slander made ; 1
And images conjectured—still
Each talisman was naught, until
Amidst her reverie, a sleigh,
In bearskins prodigally gay
That dash'd along the rough domain,
Her wilder'd thought recall'd again.

A hag, in this unpinion'd car,
Old as herself, and uglier far,
Welcomed her, with a pressing treat,
To occupy the vacant seat,
And as report is—aye, in haste,
The chance was readily embraced.

Those proud, outlandish beings, men,
Meet where they will, or how, or when,

Use every art, approved by reason,
To parry off abrupt collision.
Laconic prologues, never rare,
Are exercised with equal care,
Till " fine day this," or " rather cold,"
Their oratorian pow'rs unfold.

Not such are women, lovely creatures,
Who better understand these matters;
For when affairs before them come,
Not Heav'n itself would hold them dumb;
Nor do they, like ungallant man,
Harangue their audience, one by one;
Together all (no tongue is spared)
Begin, prepared or unprepared;
Nor are ideas, or even thought,
To such discussions ever brought.
Though all auxiliars are allowed
Amongst a female multitude.
There eyes are pow'rful rhetoricians,
And hands oft seconding petitions;

A well *carved* lip 'twixt sneer and smile,
Forms elocution's grandest style.
Ev'n nods are pregnant with the essence
Men would spin out in long digressions;
Whilst votes are telegraph'd in laughter,
And then the point's consider'd after.

Now, if this portrait be correct,
(Errors we poets, aye, except,)
Why, gentle reader, could you blame
Report to tell her neighbour dame
Old lucky scandal, what affair
Had been committed to her care?
What way that gipsy mother Scott,
Alias the Witch of the Westcot,
Had been a Keep-miss, in her day,
To some vile lecher, far away;
And, having murder'd all her brats,
Escaped the hangman's coarse cravats;
Has down the Passage made her home,
Where neither law nor justice come;

Whilst it is known that, ever since,
She holds some league with hell's high prince.

One stormy day in winter last,
As Parson Hope was coming past
The old Duenna's domicile,
He sought for shelter there, until
The tempest spirits might compose
The maniacs that torment the snows;
And found her ladyship as trim
As we might be, expecting him.
This makes it plain, the worthless quean
The parson's visit had foreseen.
Indeed, his whole account is such,
That she must be an arrant witch.

A large, well cushion'd elbow-chair
For him stood ready near the fire;
And, purring on the parlour matt,
Black, large and sleek, grimalkin sat.

A Brussels carpet—splendid grate,
Some costly furniture and plate,
A golden-clasped book was seen
Upon a table, cased in green ;
Near it a silver Baby stood—
No doubt some image of her brood ;
Against the wall a picture hung,
Of madam's self, when she was young ;
And each could show some special claim,
Of strong affinity to flame,

Nor were refreshments wanting there ;
More than he deemed his host might spare,
But then she urged with such a grace,
As left excuse no vacant place,
And so polite that ev'n her guest,
If he were willing could attest,
That more design than accident
With such mysterious things are blent ;
Though aught was hidden, that might tell
Her compact with the king of hell.

Now it's supposed she cast some spell
O'er Doctor Hope, for he can't tell
Exactly what he saw and heard;
Not that his Rev'rence could be fear'd
Of such a hypocrite as her—
For he's a great philosopher.
Still evidence is not awanting,
That he has shar'd in her enchanting;
For, ever since (his friends have said)
Some change is on the Rector made;
And it's for certain in the town,
The curate twice has heard him own
That mother Scott has taught him more
Of gospel truth and bible lore,
Than e'er he learn'd from the divines,
That make Diana's silver shrines.

Now, really, cousin, don't you see
The whole concern, as well as me?
Cut off from every thing that binds
In unison congenial minds;

In fashion's rites, (where nature flings
No light on arbitrary things,)
Who would instruct the wither'd drone,
Except the Devil? surely none.
And if her Celtic eyes can glance
Thro' time's dim vistas all at once,
And better understand the scope
Of scripture faith, than Parson Hope—
No doubt, whoever knows so much,
Must be—yes, and she is a witch.

Here, as the two old vampire wretches
The life stream swallowed, like horse-leeches,
Whose quenchless thirst is never o'er,
Tug till they burst, and gasp for more;
Insatiate still—a maiden fair,
To vice unknown, forgot by care,
Miss Ellen Grhame—in her third teen,
From Creighton-creek, came up unseen,
And heard Report pronouncing witch
So loud, her ears began to itch;

For young and old, else idol free,
Still worship curiosity—
And seeing both the beldames kind,
Took passage on the sleigh behind,
Nor moved one foot till every word
Most greedily she had devour'd.

Tho' Ellen Grhame, of care was lack,
Love to her heart had found a track ;
And tho' it nestled in her breast,
Still she was bashful to such guest.
She knew not Love is like the oak,
That grows amidst the tempest shock—
A seed, a plant, a sapling slim,
Of feeble root and feebler limb,
Ere giant bough and kingly form
Exult above the wrathful storm ;
And tho' there be no earthly eye
To mark that thing of treachery,
Still there is many a talisman
To note its least and largest span.

Fitz-Eustace Wynne was young and brave,
And courted fame upon the wave;
Nor had she fail'd on him to smile,
At Canseau Cape and Breton Isle;
Nor could the Micmacs shrift the wrath
He roll'd like thunder thro' their path,
Ere Britain's olive branches spread
Where Gaul's proud lily pale leaves shed.

But thrice the moon had measured o'er
The circuit of her endless tour,
Since in a frigate he had gone,
With tales of war to Europe's zone,
And Ellen's heart o'er ocean's brim,
In pilgrim guise had follow'd him;
But not as such it wander'd back—
Like Noah's Dove, it found no track,
And sought again the ark with grief,
That love could find no olive leaf.

No sigh had Eustace ever cast
Among the winds that wander'd past,

Nor look upon the waves bestow'd,
That hasten'd on to her abode;
And Ellen's name an echo seem'd
Of something that in youth he dream'd.
Even if some half neglected scene
Upon his mem'ry flash'd again,
'Twould plunge in dull oblivion's tide,
To 'scape the vulture eye of pride.

Yet Hope deferred, that holds a pow'r
Oft fatal in youth's fondest hour,
Came not to conquer at the creek,
Nor pall'd her eye, nor blanch'd her cheek.
Albeit a vagrant thought might stray
Sometimes to regions far away;
'Twas but a flash of feeble flame
That from the dying embers came,
Until she learned that *second sight*
Was second still to witches' might.

Whilst genial spring came drench'd in show'rs,
And pass'd in triumph, crown'd with flow'rs;

Whilst summer marshall'd all her train
In glory, on the speckled plain,
Some wild ideas, of doubtful trace,
Within her bosom sought a place;
In thought by day, in dreams by night,
That oft to Westcot took their flight.
From thoughts and dreams arose desire,
Hence curiosity caught fire;
And heart and soul, and mind and strength,
Auxiliars joined the league at length,
Whilst reason, judgement, sense, arose
In vain such rebel to oppose.

As mushrooms rise in fertile ground,
Desires in noble minds are found;
Desires loose, lawless, or obscene—
False inclinations, vague and vain,
Spring up unseen, as if by chance,
Their farthest sphere attained at once;
Unknown they live their little day,
And then unnoticed die away.

In women (if they have a mind)
Their growth is otherwise inclined;
To reason—(whence exotics spring
In them) they, still ascending, cling
Like ivy planted near a tower—
By that it climbs and gathers power.
And tho' sometimes the drooping head
Hangs as it would no further spread,
Still as a vampire, round that pile
'Tis grasping surer hold the while;
Nor is it stay'd still shades of green
Are on the highest turret seen.

One morning, when the autumn sun
Gleam'd over field and forest dun,
The budding beauty of the creek,
(A pencil'd rose on either cheek)
Sconced in the margin of the wood,
Beside the Sybil's cottage stood,
And in that lone sequester'd bourn,
Heard midst the stillness of the morn,

An anthem of delight arise
In sweet memorial to the skies.

Pride, pleasure, shame, that rivals dwell
Unseen, where conscience keeps her cell;
Mute monitor that guards the zone
The graces challenge as their own,
An emblem every countenance,
Rose mantling on the maid at once;
And tho' she ween'd no eye might note
Her steps to this bewilder'd spot,
Yet started back to veil her blush,
More deeply in the tangled brush,
Whilst holy incense from her eyes
Blent with that morning's sacrifice.

As Ellen 'gainst a hemlock lean'd,
That Westcot from the weather screen'd,
And ponder'd if such things could be
The auspices of witchery;
A mountain goat, of spotless white,

Sprang from the coppice on her sight,
And deftly sporting thro' the wood,
Came where the musing maiden stood,
Gazing, as if inquiring why,
Or what she tarried there to spy,
Then butting twice against the tree,
Abridged her pensive reverie.

Fain would the timid centinel
Stol'n homeward thro' the busky dell,
And felt her heart more freely beat,
Lest found alone in such retreat;
Stretching her hands to shed the limbs
Where linnets sat and sang their hymns,
When "Heav'n protect you, angel dear,"
Fell, like an earthquake, on her ear.

Shame, deep, unmeasured, burning shame,
Like embers, o'er her visage came;
As turning round, a lady old
And frail the garden plot patrol'd,

Whilst the same voice, as if inhumed,
In plaintive tone again resumed—
" What is your errand, child; come near,
" And tell me, for I ill can hear;
" Time was, when I was young like you—
" That time, ah! me, was long ago;
" But aged and feeble as I seem,
" Of life's gay morning oft I dream;
" Youth, still, thro' dim forgotten years,
" Like yesterday to me appears.
" But come, sweet rosebud, come and say,
" Whence you would go, or wherefore stray."

Ellen approach'd with timid pace,
And in her fingers hid her face,
(For in the æra of my tale
No child was muffled in a veil);
Twice she essay'd to frame excuse,
But twice her tongue fail'd of its use;
Yet stammer'd out at last so much
As " Ma'am, I came to see the witch."

"The witch, eh! dear; what witch, my child,"
Dame Scott repeated o'er and smil'd;
"A witch, eh—what has frightened ye?
"Or is 't the goat you're come to see?
"Come hither, Grace—come hither, Grace,
"And let the maiden see your face"

Conflicting passions in her breast,
That 'rose, each to o'erwhelm the rest,
Kept Ellen mute, but unsubdued,
Fear there obstructing fortitude.
Pride war with prudence too declared,
And hope 'gainst disappointment pair'd;
E'en modesty, weak, timid thing,
With pertness held some skirmishing.
Yet, in the midst of mortal strife,
When ev'ry feeling fought for life,
No parley sounded in the field,
But each flung down her shatter'd shield,
And, sick of such hostile *melee*
Succumb'd to curiosity.

Meanwhile the forest-mantled maid
Had summon'd courage to her aid,
And from the matron shelter sought
To 'scape the kindness of her goat,
And such high converse with her held,
As doubt and danger both dispell'd;
Nor fail'd one item to repeat
Of Miss Report's base tete-a-tete,
With Madam Scandal in the sleigh,
As she had heard in former day;
Adding that she had come unknown,
In hopes to have her fortune shown;
But having little coin to bring
More than an eagle's golden wing,
" Yet here's a clasp (she said) of gold,
" And brooch to match, of equal mould.
" Upon it, zoned around with jet,
" My mother's miniature is set.
" Besides this needle necklace, wove
" With locks of one I wish to love.
" These ear-rings, too, unique withal—
" The pendant diamonds rich but small—

" I thought to keep them hid at home,
" Till Eustace Wynne from Europe come ;
" But deeming you would know before
" Where I conceal'd my private store,
" I think it's better—what think you ?
" To give the whole of them just now ;
" And, if the treasure is too small,
" La ! what shall I do after all ;
" But say, tho' is there not as much
" As make a trial, Mrs. Witch."

Nor had Miss Ellen then forborn,
Had not astonishment and scorn
On ev'ry feature of Dame Scott
In hieroglyphic lines been wrote.
No earthly thing her guest had been,
Save hope (not Parson Hope I mean) ;
For time unknown, when she was young,
Her name employ'd no idle tongue,
" But, ah ! " she said, " how hard, when age
" Like hers, should nought but death engage !

" To be the mark where malice threw
" The rancour that around her grew."
Then wiped the tears that erst abode
In cisterns grief now overflow'd,
But thence had stol'n, and ling'ring staid
Among the furrows time had made.

Like April flow'r, of snowy hue,
Bending beneath the morning dew,
Miss Ellen stood and bow'd her head,
Lest she might have some error made ;
But when the voice of sadness ceased,
Her confidence again increased ;
And thus resumed—" Dear ma'am I pray,
" Do not distress yourself to day,
" For if your witchcrafts are not home,
" To morrow eve again I'll come ;
" As for the trinkets I have brought,
" My last new years' forget-me-not ;
" Although their value is not much,
" Still its no trifle to a witch.

" O child ! O child you little know
" How hearts like mine can feel for you ;
" But it is well since nought on earth
" Can lend to me one mark of mirth,
" That you sweet innocent should be
" A stranger to my misery.
" But come fair bud of promise, come,
" I have some oracles tho' dumb ;
" Yet they can teach in truth sublime,
" A maiden's fate in future time ;
" To me they oft repeat a sign
" That leaves no mystery in mine ;
" Hard is my fate, nor soon forgot
" The mem'ry of my pilgrim lot ;
" From hope and home an exile driven,
" My life a miracle of Heav'n ;
" But only known to Heav'n yet why
" Deferr'd the exile's hour to die."

And then as night the morning leads
O'er rural vales and flow'ry meads,

With lagging step she slowly bro't
The maiden thro' the garden plot ;
And from a monthly rose that grew
Beneath a shade one sliplet drew,
" Take this," she said, " and plant it where
" There is some shelter from the air ;
" Your chamber window seems to me
" The spot elect where it should be,
" There you can see—and mark them well,
" What tokens it to thee may tell ;
" And whilst it grows 'twixt morn and night,
" This little Book must bless your sight ;
" Tis my request—and tho' 'tis small,
" One day's neglect might ruin all."
Then deeply sighing, fondly prest
A lovely volume to her breast,
That faintly show'd it fitly graced,
With gold leaf tendrils o'er it traced,
Which folding up, with fare-thee-well,
Bestowed it on the blushing belle.

" Now you may go, my flow'r again,
" Till new year's eve—but fail not then.
" This brooch, that claims a costly hue,
" Already made a gift to you;
" But ne'er has felt your bosom burn
" I hold—the pledge of your return;
" No other token mine beside—
" So these may still with you abide.
" My witcheries ask no reward—
" To me such labour is not hard.
" Yet, tho' my calls have no extremes,
" *Your* presence *only* this redeems.
" No duplicates are mine to give,
" But love can long in mem'ry live;
" So when the fleet revolving year
" Is summon'd to another sphere,
" Remember then, and not before,
" Seek this lone dwelling on the shore."

The Lady said, and when she stopt,
Ellen an awkward courtesy dropt,

And left the garden like a lamb
In summer sporting near its dam;
Thro' bush and brake a path she sought,
And at her heels the snow-white goat;
Ah! never yet was erring child
By earth, and hell, and sin beguiled—
Thro' times probationary race,
More fervently pursued by *grace*.

When the dun top of Clarence tow'r,
(Grim guardian of the Eastern shore;)
Above the forest beetling high,
Imposing stood before her eye;
She stay'd her steps awhile, and took
A waste envelope from the book;
It was a bible—neatly bound,
The text with margin studded round,
And "ELEN GRAHAME from EUPHEN SCOTT,"
In faded letters on it wrote.

"She is a witch then after all,"
Said Elen as she let it fall;

" She is a witch, I marvel'd why
" She gazed on me so eagerly ;
" And now she never ask'd my name,
" But ah ! she knew it—Elen Grhame ;
" O ! Heaven protect me—yes, her spell
" Is on me cast, I feel it well ;
" Aye, and I see the piercing look
" She gave me when I got the Book ;
" But 'tis the Bible, and I've read
" Its author is the promised seed ;
" Itself the everlasting seal,
" That every power to HIM must kneel ;
" If so, what might of earth or hell,
" Could from the scriptures frame a spell,
" It cannot be" she said, and then
Stoop'd down to lift it up again.

The goat behind now made a push,
And pitch'd her headlong in a bush,
Then started back, as if to see
The frightened maiden's furze *melee ;*

Escape was twice essayed in vain,
Grace once victorious charged again;
Whilst Ellen lay, the minion stood
Still as corpse wrapt in a shroud,
But when she moved a limb to rise,
It was a signal for surprise;
She tried to scare the vagrant—no,
Then soothed, but that was useless too;
All arts were vain—but had she known
That it was bred in Lawrence Town—
No matter—as she cast her eye
Around on ocean, earth, and sky,
The earth was blank—the ocean blue,
The sky was beautiful to view—
But help or hope she gathered none,
From all the far surrounding zone,
Then grasp'd her Bible, and call'd "Grace,"
When it stood bleating in her face.

"She is a witch I know it well,
"But this Book might exorcise Hell;

" Much more the Witch of the Westcot,"
She said—and dashed it at the goat.

As light'ning flits athwart the sky,
When long loud thunder peals are nigh—
So fleet the minion sped away,
O'er rugged cliffs and granite grey;
Nor field, nor fence delay her flight,
'Till from a thicket, dark as night,
With one wild heart appalling bleat,
The fugitive found a retreat.

" She is a witch, and yet she's not,
" But I'm suspicious of her goat;
" Still if she is, or both should be
" Leagued with infernal majesty,
" This book is mine until the rose
" Has faded—La! indeed she knows,
" She made me promise, and I did,
" Here's where the mystery is hid;

" Most certainly its very odd,
" Promise to read the word of God,
" And her a witch—but there's the rose,
" Aye, that's where the enchantment grows;
" I see it now, at least I'll see
" How bane and antidote agree."

Elen's soliloquy was done
As sol had to the zenith won;
And she sped onward to the creek,
With hopes she felt but fear'd to speak.

CANTO II.

Acadia's fields and forests dun
Were freckled with the ev'ning sun;
The wind was hush'd—and Bedford-bay
Like one broad sheet of silver lay—
The captives in the prison yard
No longer in their pastimes shared,
When Elen Grhame, in altered mood,
Within her mother's dwelling stood,
And to her chamber nigh the goal,
In secrecy and silence stole;
Nor idly loitered there alone,
As oft ere now she might have done,
'Till on the emigrated rose,
She saw the shades of twilight close.

Days pass'd away—and days begun,
Still fleeting onward one by one;
And aye she watch'd with vigils true
How bud and leaf and blossom grew,
And read her bible oft and well,
Lest there might be some secret spell,
And sometimes thought she really knew
Herself a little diff'rent too.

Her mother, like a dove bereaved,
Had long in latent sorrow grieved;
Days saw her toiling in the creek,
By night tears bath'd her fading cheek,
But few could tell and fewer cared
What dispensation she had shared;
Yet anxious thought and wounded pride,
In her religion could not hide;
Some blight was ever in her soul
That could not, would not be made whole;
One season pass'd, another came,
Her broken spirit still the same—

Ev'n hope, tho' heaven's ambassador,
Such wither'd heart could not restore.

Midst passions thus perplexed and marr'd
The fretted feelings had grown hard;
Hence Elen, tho' an only child,
Was almost from her love exiled,
Still she could note that something strange
On her had wrought a striking change;
But what the reason was, or when
Lay far beyond her fondest ken.

"What can it be? it is not pride,
"I've often felt its fluent tide;
"And like yon fowl that floats along,
"Laugh'd at its current wild and strong;
"'Till in the stormy surge that came,
"The stormy surge of death and flame,
"Cast here on poverty's rough shore,
"Where earth cannot the wreck restore.

" It is not pride as mine has been,
" Life's charms her eyes have never séen;
" The plants of pleasure yield no fruit
" In fields that fail to give them root;
" Those prizes fashion's peers pursue,
" She knows not now—nor ever knew.
" Can happiness her breast confine,
" When she was nursed in grief at mine;
" Nor wealth, nor power, nor pomp, nor fame,
" Are equal guests for Elen Grahame."

" Can it be love? O! it can not,
" Though childish follies are forgot;
" Yet if love will not shrift one tone,
" That female hearts have ever known;
" It may be so—still she is young,
" But, ah! how soon to me it clung!
" Aye—mine has been as luckless flow'rs,
" That bloom in April's earliest show'rs,
" And scarce have bloom'd till they are nipt."
The mother said, and sadly wept.

When Ellen Grhame was but a child,
She was a little romp, and wild;
With idle boys, that staid from school,
Her time was spent at top and bowl;
With martial spirit ply'd an oar,
Or scull'd a flat along the shore.
Mill-cove, and sandy-beach were made
Her daily, hourly, promenade;
And every holm and haunt she knew,
Where robin built, or berry grew.

At ev'n, amongst the captive tars,
She mingled in their mimic wars;
There learn'd how fields were lost and won,
And how to spunge or spike a gun;
How seige and sally should be plann'd—
With eager eye she often scann'd
How ships were into action brought,
And how the helm upon them wrought;
Or signal from a chalk design,
What way to board, or break the line;

And many a long spun yarn could tell,
How sailors fought and sailors fell,

Time on the horologe of man
Had measured but a meagre span,
Since, with her dog and carabine,
The forest shared in her routine ;
Nor was it sport she sought—for death
Left few to flutter in her path.
Such once the blossom of the creek,
Now mild as innocence—and meek
As the soft breeze that spreads to view
The infant buds of violets blue ;
And gentle as the dew of night
Upon them glistening bland and bright ;
And love blest spirit might not lie
Long idle in her seraph eye.

The stamina of human minds
Like human nature, often finds

Some varied change of thought—abrupt
Or dilatory, interrupt
With revolutionary strife,
The use and wont of common life ;
And seeks in sympathetic tone,
To mould both systems into one ;
The cause imposing or obscure
Effects unveils—chaste or impure ;
Hence, through the maze, we still can trace
How comes the villain to disgrace.
Hence riches, near a rapid tide,
Are wreck'd among the shoals of pride.
Hence the Historian learns to guage
The corps dramatique of an age.
Hence genius oftentimes has been
Like literary comets seen ;
Hence moral ill and moral good,
Have by some standard measure stood,
And hence it was that Elen Grhame
A solitary thing became.

'Twas Christmas day at Maynard hill—
A day that lives in mem'ry still;
(No Highland haridan was then
The governante of Malcom-glen;)
An angel spirit mild and meek
To *there* oft passing Creighton-creek—
Saw Elen once—and thought her face
The index of some hidden grace,
And having summon'd from the town
Some loved companions of her own,
(Erst youthful playmates at the schpol)
To make a visit there in yule,
Sent her respects to Widow Grhame—
Sweet as a seraphs self might frame;
Accompanied with a request,
That Eleanor might be their guest.

With equal gratitude and fear
The message met Miss Elen's ear—
Tho' she was not as she had been,
Still she was female—and I ween

Her thoughts and recollections too,
As such, would vibrate to and fro;
Embodied as they rose by chance,
In requisition all at once;
And right or wrong—what e'er is last,
Like Aaron's rod devours the rest.

First she resolved to stay at home
To guard the rose, and read the tome;
Then suddenly changed her design,
Merely—because the day was fine;
But action could not supersede
Ideas of such ephem'ral breed;
Ere thoughts again in thoughts were lost,
All in one chaos vaguely toss'd.

At once the woman and the child
Were both in Elen reconciled;
And as her form appear'd to view,
Her mind was in accordance true;

First reason, superstition graced—
Religion next the pair embraced ;
Then the enthusiast's motley pall,
Like some dark cloud eclipsed them all ;
Half credulous, almost believes
Whatever legend fiction weaves ;
Half sceptic too, and will forsooth
Dispute against establish'd truth ;
If such the creed that women claim,
How orthodox was Elen Grhame ?

Be this the reason, yes or no—
She finally resolved to go,
And having placed the rose plant where
'Twas safe and sheltered from the air ;
Nine blossoms of unequal size,
Still muffled up from vulgar eyes ;
Auspicious (as the legend goes)
Hung pendant from the burden'd boughs ;
And one, that all the glories gave,
Enjoyment e'er from hope might crave ;

High on the top apart from all,
Waved o'er them like a coronal.

So much the spell her counter charm
She deem'd would guard itself from harm;
But fearing lest her mother's eye
The sacred treasure might espy;
She laid it where her pillow lay,
And turning twice, went thrice away.

Ah! who can tell how fleetly flies
The joyous hours were pleasures rise—
Pleasures where innocence and youth
Are girdled in the zone of truth;
Where friendship links the social bands,
And virtue most the heart commands;
Where care and sorrow, far apart,
Have ceased to bruise the bleeding heart;
Where hope sits idly by awhile

'Till happiness exhausts her smile ;
When jealousy has quench'd the wrath
That scath'd the victims in her path ;
Where sweet content and fair delight,
With love and beauty share the night ;
Illusions blest with fancies high,
Ah ! who can tell how fleet ye fly.

If still there be that yet can tell,
Those hours they must remember well ;
Nor count it strange, they swiftly came,
But swifter fled from Elen Grhame ;
'Till the full moon, broad, large and grand,
At midnight rose on Lawrence-land ;
'Midst golden stars, that gleaming high,
Illumed the deep cerulean sky ;
Whilst night—cold hoar December night,
Crisping and chill and shining bright,
Tranquil as death—as heav'n serene,
Lay couch'd in such a lovely scene.

When dawning day began to break
On the brown grateings of the creek ;
O ! what must her amaze have been,
To see the rose-plant shrunk and sheen ;
And melancholy as a tower
That sinks beneath time's sov'reign power ;
The coronal was like a flow'r
Of marble nicely chissel'd o'er ;
Beneath it, lifeless, bud and leaf,
As petrified with sudden grief,
Hung shrouded in a robe of rime,
Relucent—beautiful, sublime ;
So might they prove, in luckless hour,
Some strong enchanter's mighty power ;
Whilst all above and all beneath
Seem'd as a cemetry of death.

" She is a witch, and knew it all,
" She knew what would the rose befall ;
" How it would blossom—aye and blow,
" And how it would be frozen so ;

" But yesterday—ah! hapless thing,
" I left thee fair and flourishing;
" Now vain the vigils I have kept,"
Said Elen, as she o'er it wept

" She is no witch—the plant's decline
" Is not her blame, the fault is mine;
" I left it" she resumed " to die"
And dashed the dew drop from her eye;
" I left it—I was not to leave,
" She gave the charge, 'till new year's eve;
" *One day's neglect might ruin all*
" She told me,—still the earliest call
" Was quite enough—yet why lament,
" For tokens still are with it blent.

" I see it now—I see it well,
" The book she gave me breaks the spell;
" Without it there perchance had been
" Some mystery else to me unseen;
" Ah! faded rose, is Elen too
" To live and bloom and die like you;

" Cut down at morn—alas! how frail,
" How sudden finishes the tale;
" Such is the cheerless voice of time,
" The prophets vision, more sublime,
" Looks to an everlasting home,
" Beyond the mansions of the tomb."

She sought the Bible where it lay,
Hid in her couch since yesterday;
And op'ning it she scarce knew why,
The superscription caught her eye,
And she stood musing there awhile,
Her eye a tear, her lip a smile;
And said " A lady tho' she be,
" Still something *here* is dark to me.
" She kept the brooch, and it alone,
" That pledge my presence must atone;
" She gave the slip—and gave the book,
" A gift that equal'd what she took;
" But one request she crav'd beside,
" So small it could not be denied;

" This much I know—but her command
" Is what I cannot understand ;
" On new-year's eve, and not before,
" Seek this lone dwelling on the shore,
" And save the book—why it would seem
" More like the semblance of a dream,
" Or faintest shade in heaven's bright bow,
" If it were not before me now ;
" With " *Elen Grhame*" and " *Euphen Scott*"
" Upon it elegantly wrote."

Perchance she would have wander'd on
With her soliloquy unknown,
In fancy's boundless lab'rinth lost,
(One arm beneath the bosom cross'd,
The other braced her cheek and knee ;)
Had not her mother came to see
If she were well—or what might keep
Her in the morn so long asleep.

She found her up, but still undrest,
Her face a troubled mind confest ;

And tho' her own hard lot, ere now
Had, like an overbended bow,
The fine elastic feelings marr'd,
That war with grief—or should have war'd;
Still when she saw her life's last hope
Such bitter draught of sorrow sup,
Her heart was melted, and her eye
Grew dim with kindred misery.

" Child of my love" she said " dear child"
" Pledge of my joy, ere ruin wild
" Came like the lightning that has broke
" With dreadful crashing, shatt'ring shock,
" On some tall pine that once has stood
" The glory of Acadia's wood;
" Such is my fate—and such is thine,
" A branch sprung from that blasted pine,
" What canker else on thee has been,
" To blight thy infant honours green;
" Some mildew here must shelter find,
" That leaves such wreck as this behind;

" But hide it not, why should there be
" One secret sorrow hid from me ?
" A mother's care—a mother's love
" Can many fancied ills remove."

" Mother I ween you reason well,
" But did *you* e'er one secret tell ?
" One, only one I sought to know,
" And that *one* still remains with you ;
" Who is my father ? does he live,
" Or is he dead ? why should it grieve
" You more to tell than me to hear,
" Deny me not now mother dear,"
Said Elen, and was mute to list,
Whatever might her ear arrest.

" 'Tho' this has yet been kept from thee,
" Daughter it shall no longer be ;
" On new year's eve I thought to tell
" You all ! but now may be as well ;

The mother said, and smooth'd her gown,
As on the sofa she sat down;
But why so much of New Year's eve,
Was more than Elen could conceive.

THE MOTHER'S NARATIVE.

My Father was a Major Scott,
A braver Briton never fought;
The Highland-watch he often led
To victory and death's cold bed,
Ere I was born—but then his corps
Was placed upon Acadia's shore;
His country seat (I mind it still)
Was up the Basin, near Sackville;
'Tho not one vestige now is seen
Where that delightful spot has been;
Nor is it meet I should forget
My dear, my angel mother yet;
Their family erewhile was nine,
Four brothers once I counted mine;
Four sisters too, my mother's pride,
Like roses clustered side by side.

Days, months, and years then rapidly
As dreams forgotten flitted by,
'Till one delightful summer day,
The last—the loveliest in May,
A special order came express,
At twilight, to attend the mess ;
And ere the coming morning dawn'd
Battles and victories were plann'd,
Whilst death, alas ! the victor still,
Was never dreaded at Sackville.

I cried to see my parents part,
That hour still hangs around my heart ;
What anguish was, I little deem'd,
Tho' terrible to me it seem'd ;
When the big drops of burning brine
Rolled down my father's cheeks on mine,
And when my mother in despair
Wrung her pale hands and tore her hair ;
But since *that hour* I know it well,
And felt it strong and terrible.

Those days of bliss—and *that* of pain
Are past, and never came again
Tho' kindred pangs were sev'nfold, still
Repeated o'er at Mount Sackville,
Ere autumn flung her vesture on
The sylvan braids of Bedford zone,
And when stern winter's with'ring shroud
Was wrapt around the green Sherwood,
The work of death had long been done,
And fate her fatal triumphs won ;
Whilst I was left as some lone flower
That springs beside a ruined tow'r,
Neglected in the distant wild,
A widow'd mother's only child.

Ah ! little boots it I should now
Repeat our varied ills to you ;
It is enough that I should tell
My name at last became a spell
Among the Beaux—at promenade

And ball my beauty havoc made,
Where rivals might the palm divide
I figured oft in fearful pride,
'Till on my eighteenth natal day
I bow'd to love's imperious sway ;
Gave up my conquests, and became
The lady of Lieutenant Grhame.

Biencourt Isle [5]—Biencourt Isle,
Long may delight upon thee smile ;
Blest spot of earth, to lisp thy name
Is pleasure still to Elen Grhame.
Whilst tomahawk and scalping knife
Were mingling in Acadian strife ;
And requeims finish'd bridal lays
In Nova-Scotia's infant days ;
Whilst savage whoop, and fiendlike yell
Re-echoed from the proud Moschelle ; [6]
Peace—happiness, and hope were mine,
Blest isle, upon these banks of thine.

One little year it was our lot
To live in this enchanting spot;
But when the spring in fairy sheen
On Miaux [7] spread her mantle green,
The village of Rosette [8] became
The station of Lieutenant Grhame,
And tho' it seem'd a place where strife
Might not intrude on rural life,
It was our fate—(my mother still
Our constant guest in good or ill)
To share of scenes in this retreat
My tongue yet faulters to repeat.

Three days pass'd not since we had made
Our home within the palisade,
Till Grhame was ordered with a guard
Of twenty file to be prepared,
And, ere the morning, march within
The close defiles of Lovett-lin,
And there await the Major's corps
From Fort Marie [9] despatch'd before;

Nor make their movement known until
They posted picquets on Round Hill.

When they paraded on the height
Amid the stillness of the night,
My heart was full—mine eyes were dim,
Yet well I mark'd their gallant trim ;
But Elen it were vain for me
To image up such scenes to thee ;
Nor had your mother, ev'n for you,
From memory recall'd them now,
If Major Scott and Arthur Grhame
Had never fought on fields of fame,
But from that dark destracting hour
I never saw your father more.

I went not to my chamber then,
Nor sought to sleep that night again,
But in the balcony abode,
And counted every step they trode,

But ere their farthest faintest tramp
Had ceased beyond the Banlieue swamp,
I mark'd a groupe of Indians come
As soft as shadows, and as dumb,
But swifter, passing one by one
Between me and the horizon ;
And climbing o'er the pallisade,
Begin to form on the parade.

I scarce had time to dream of harm
Until the sentry gave alarm ;
And suddenly the work of death
I saw with horror underneath ;
How long they fought I cannot tell,
My soul soon fainted and I fell,
And when I woke, as if by chance,
From that o'erwhelming deathlike trance ;
Rosette was swallowed up in flame,
A village lost except the name.

I thought to fly, and measured back
My steps to seek your father's track ;

But when I had almost gone past
The Fort—an Indian held me fast,
Gazed in my face with piercing glance
And bid me instantly advance,
Then caught my hand and dragged along,
Nor could I stop, for he was strong;
I scream'd for help—that too was vain,
And I kept trotting on again;
We had no path, but yet the flame
Illumined all where'er we came,
We heard the shrieks of death afar
Commingled with the shouts of war;
Whilst all around some lurking horde
The fearful whoop again restored;
But ere we gain'd the mountain brow,
Still crusted with some cakes of snow;
My wearied limbs beneath me fail'd,
And all my heart within me quail'd;
Then I began to weep and cry,
And wished and pray'd that I might die.

* * * * *

The Indian drew his scalping knife,
Still reeking from the recent strife;
And brandishing it round my head
With frantic gesture, fiercely said
That if I choose to go with him,
Mine eye should have no cause to dim,
My home his wigwam [12]—and if not,
That he would scalp me on the spot.

How sweet is life when death is nigh,
There's none can tell that does not try;
I thought of Grhame—I thought of you
'Tho yet unborn—my mother too;
And fondly hoped such prayer from me
Would not be heard for sake of thee;
Then sought to make escape—but vain,
And followed my dark guide again.

When we had gain'd the mountain height
The sun shone beautifully bright;

And I look'd back towards Rosette,
But nought save smoke my vision met;
And as our route oft thickets cross'd,
That soon was far behind us lost.

We travelled till the April sun
Had more than half his circuit run;
O'er woody waste and deep morass,
O'er tangled brakes, and spots of grass;
The growling bear and fearful bird,
From lair and nest we rudely stirred,
But not one word Wit-che-ka-teak *
The Indian would—nor I durst speak.

When sober ev'ning sagely drew
Her veil and hid the day from view,
He halted near a giant tree
And spread his blanket down to me,
Then said our toil was almost o'er,
And I might rest for half an hour,

* Brother.

Nor might such summons brook delay,
I felt so willing to obey ;
Nor staid he by with idle gaze,
But went away and brought some maize ;
It was a barb'rous mess to eat,
Tho' hunger made it very sweet ;
A calabash of Brandy next
With water from Rosignol [13] mix'd ;
(Rosignol once the Micmac's pride)
A beverage to me supplied ;
Tho' taste with nature stifly match'd,
The simple lunch was soon dispatch'd ;
And "march" with pow'r at morn addrest
Came now like friendship's kind request ;
Nor where its echoes all forgot
When we had left the feasting spot,
And brief the space we wander'd o'er
To gain the infant ocean's shore.

Beneath a bank of spreading pines,
Whose umbrage o'er the lake reclines,

And shelter from the winds afford,
A fleet of birch canoes were moor'd ;
The first was ours, and in it spread
Broad leaves and branches for my bed ;
Each signal readily obey'd,
It was not long ere I was laid,
And as the blanket on me fell
I heard one long loud dreadful yell ;
"Now sleep secure till night is o'er"
He said, and push'd off from the shore.

Away, away, amidst the dark,
Like light'ning flew the fragile bark ;
And tho' my heart was sad and sore,
Sleep soon my eyelids cover'd o'er ;
How far our voyage, or what befell
It matters not, I cannot tell ;
But when I woke at break of day
Against an Indian camp we lay,
And I was sick—a dreadful pain
Shot thro' my fever'd burning brain ;

I rose and twice essay'd to stand,
But rolled down headlong on the sand ;
Nor farther aught my mem'ry bears
For three annihilated years,
But this I knew, on that dim morn,
My daughter Elen Grhame was born.

How that strange space of time was spent
Has not been with my mem'ry blent ;
Tho' sometimes yet to me it seems
Like night's long wild distracting dreams ;
But it was summer, and a Squaw
Was the first living thing I saw ;
My head was shorn, and meadow rue
(That round the camp luxurient grew,)
With savin leaves and balsam knead
In vast profusion o'er it spread ;
I look'd around, and scream'd aloud
To see me in such solitude ;
But all were mute—Wit-che-ka-teak
Alone said that I must not speak

" But it shall go and hunt him moose,
" When you go hence with your papoose."
I sat amidst the savage horde,
And heard and swallowed ev'ry word ;
But when the chieftain made a stop
At " your papoose" I started up,
And scream'd again like maniac wild,
" My child ! O heavens ! where is my child."

Elen, your Mother's tale I see
Is harsh and wearisome to thee ;
Whatever else shall soon be told
Frail memory may yet unfold.

Amidst conflicting feelings, sear'd
And painful, Elen first I heard
You call me Mother, and I felt
My heart with love and sorrow melt,
But when I saw you near me cow'r,
With grease and ochre cover'd o'er,

My soul fled from itself with shame,
As water perishes in flame;
And it was lost—nor aught was left
To me, of happiness bereft;
My mother and my husband gone,
All earthly things but thee alone.

Yet I abode in Marlaquille
Among the Wuspem tribe, [17] until
The village chiefs in council met,
To smoke the pipe with *pale Rosette*,
And soothe the spirits of the slain
That fell on that terrific scene.

Next morning, when Aurora shed
The curtains that enclose her bed,
Our fleet canoe had broke the skim
Of Rosignol's cerulean brim;
As dark Wit-che-ka-teak with pride
The paddle on its bosom plied;

My mem'ry yet holds uneffaced
That striking hour so deeply traced ;
I see him now as if still by,
The lion limb—the eagle eye ;
I see the foam we fiercely cleft,
And boiling waves behind us left ;
I hear the troubled waters hiss
And spurn the paddle's brutal kiss ;
I see it shrink as we come on,
And tremble after we are gone ;
I see the distant forest rise
Like tempest clouds along the skies ;
And tho' we sped with vengeful speed
I thought our passage slow indeed.

The lake was silver'd with the sun
Before the farther beach we won ;
Yet ere we left the creek behind,
On maize again we briefly dined,
And when we gain'd our former track
He mounted you upon his back ;

Whilst desert dun, and valley drear,
We meted o'er in mute career;
'Till on the southern mountain top
The Micmac made a sudden stop,
And from his blanket took the gun;
"Take that "he said" my labour's done,
" To that blue vale that bends below,
" The forest children may not go,
" And these shall be for your Untoose, *
" Till Unkitch † learns to hunt himmoose;"
Whilst five fox skins, of sable hue,
He took and bound with thongs on you.

" Now pale Rossette" he said to me,
" There is your home before your knee;
" The pale faced children are not there,
" Nor is their camp a thing of care;
" But go, Wit-che-ka-teak more kind,
" Perhaps in wigwam you may find,

* Daughter. † Mother.

" Beside the great death spirit's hill,
" Than you have found in Marlaquille.

I heard him talk, and held the gun
Until I deem'd that he was done ;
Then begged him hard to take it home,
But he stood like a pillar, dumb ;
Nor heard me speak nor seem'd to hear,
Until he mark'd the mantling tear,
Imploring, dim your dove like eye
That stood upon him steadfastly,
And heard you lisping " paascowee,"
And clasp your arms around his knee ;
" Wit-che-ka-teak" he said with pride,
" Has not your last request denied ;
" Wit-che-ka-teak your labour's done,"
Then in his blanket hid the gun ;
And turning, left us on the height,
With nought save sorrow in our sight.

Down to the vale my fretted feet
A pathway thro' the brushwood beat ;

But not one trace was left behind
Of former day, that I could find,
Save the stockade with grass o'ergrown,
All else to me was quite unknown ;
Or some chance flow'r 'midst weeds was seen
Where garden plots had erewhile been.

Along the river—bowr'd in wood,
A little hamlet near us stood ;
None else was nigh—I deem'd that fame
Might there have told of Arthur Grhame ;
But when the cottagers had seen
Us clad, as Indians oft have been,
They fear'd the forest children so,
That none would list my tale of woe.
Tho' day's last hour ere now was done,
Down the broad stream we wander'd on,
Till Fort Marie broke on our view,
Embow'rd in woods—and waters blue
Hush'd into silence, calm and still,
Lay sleeping round Port Royal Hill.

And we lay down amidst that scene,
Our bed a landscape large and green;
Our curtains midnight's mottled shades,
Our home the heav'n above our heads;
No thing of earth to call our own,
Friendless—forgotten and unknown.

Elen my heart begins to fail,
I may not more pursue such tale;
I may not tell how long we sought
Lieutenant Grhame and Lady Scott;
What mountains rude—what lakes serene,
Our searching eyes have often seen;
What pathless wastes, from shore to shore,
Our pilgrim feet have wander'd o'er,
Our fears by night, our toils by day,
Ere hope for ever died away;
'Till in this lone and weary shade
Our wand'ring steps at last are stay'd;
Where Elen Scott—ah! faithless fame,
Is now forgot in Widow Grhame.

End of the Mother's Story.

" Then is your mother really dead ?"
Said Elen, as she rais'd her head ;
And sent a look of fire, to bring
An answer back on light'ning wing ;
" O would to Heav'n this book could tell
" My father's fate to me as well,
" As it has now your mother's told ;"
Then from beneath her apron fold
The bible brought with maiden glee,
Continuing " did you ever see
" That volume, Mother—mark it well,
" For mysteries within it dwell ;

" That book is mine," her mother said,
" That book is mine" and shook her head ;
" That book is mine, I know it well,
" That book my maiden fare-thee-well ;
" Yes it is mine, on New year's eve,
" The gift of love my mother gave,
" That New year's eve that I became
" The lady of Lieutenant Grhame.

" That book is worth a globe of gold,
" O Elen ! haste to me unfold,
" From whence it came or why its here,
" Make haste and tell me Elen dear."

" It came from heaven, not long ago,
" To teach us things we do not know,"
Said Elen smiling, and reveal'd
What secrets she had kept conceal'd,
And as her tale came to the close,
Whilst pointing to the frozen rose,
Sprang from the couch whereon she lay
And kiss'd her mother's tears away ;
Then added in a playful tone
Wit-che-ka-teak thy labour's done ;
I see the Witch of the Westcot,
Is my grandmother, Lady Scott.

CANTO III.

O'er fields of frost and fire, sublime,
Again the unpinioned car of time
Has left along the mundane sphere
The tints that tell another year
Is wending onward rapidly,
To mingle in Eternity.

'Tis New year's eve—the ling'ring day
From Creighton creek has pass'd away ;
The muffled dull December sun
Came slowly up the horizon ;
A thick unconquerable cloud
Shared with him in his empire proud ;

Could it but dim a rival's sphere,
It vainly might essay to peer;
So critics rise on dusty wing,
To shade the zone where poets sing,
And what they want in common sense,
Is oft supplied by impudence.

'Tis New year's eve in Creighton hall,
The social guests are gathered all;
Not one is lack, that blank should be
In such a scene of harmony,
Save Elen Grhame—and there was none
Could tell them where she might have gone.

At dawn, before the sun arose,
She left her couch without repose,
Albeit she had never slept,
Yet visions o'er her fancy swept;
Visions of joy and pure delight,
Mingled with terror and affright;

Half slumbering, and half awake,
She felt her heart begin to quake,
As forms in fearful agony
Stood forth—or vanish'd from her eye;
Whilst round her, ever and anon,
Hope, like a soften'd sunbeam shone;
And Love amidst the flick'ring light,
In lesser circles wheel'd her flight;
And many a strange and shapeless thing,
Stayed by her idly loitering.

When she came there—or why she did,
In memory was darkly hid;
But ev'ry spot and scene around,
Seem'd Westcot and its wither'd ground.
And all the while Dame Scott stood by,
Presiding o'er the phantasy.
" She is a witch—she is a witch,
" I cannot help but doubt her much.
" I've slumber'd oft, but as I live,
" None but a witch like dreams could give.

" It was no dream—I did not sleep,
" It was enchantment dark and deep ;
" It is a spell, I feel it still,
" Come thro' my heart with madd'ning thrill.
" I fear to go—I dare not stay,
" For something urges me away.
" Something that gathers round this eve,
" Now makes me glad—now makes me grieve.
" O ! Heaven ! in mercy guide me still,
"And guard me from the paths of ill."

Such were the words of Elen Grhame,
As from her chamber door she came,
With ling'ring step, and turning o'er
The Bible and the blighted flow'r :
No change on either could be seen,
More than what had or might have been.
It matter'd not—she looked on,
As both to her had been unknown ;
And tho' she could not fear the book,
Her faith in that had found no crook ;

Yet she was sceptic of the rose,
It had not faded—but *seem'd* froze.
It wither'd not, the leaves were green
And beautiful as they had been;
Nor blighted more than one of them,
The blossoms hung around the stem,
As touch'd by some enchanter's wand,
It lay like crystal in her hand.
Bewitch'd or frozen, who could tell
Almighty pow'r from magic spell.

'Tis New-Year's eve, in Quakertown,*
Curmudgeon care is left alone;
And social glee, and jocund mirth,
Are gather'd round the hamlet hearth.
Old Vulcan, smutty, lank and lame,
Weary of thunder-bolt and flame,
Disputes precedence with the Squire,
And takes his station near the fire;
His lanthorn nose, and rusty lips,
Sapless and spare as Boston chips

* Dartmouth.

To cinders fry'd—with quenchless thirst,
In raw Jamaica plunges first,
As if, when tea is called in haste,
Pure water on the range is placed,
And tortured with the living coal,
So down his throat the spirits roll ;
Hissing on ' sparks' in gallons drench'd,
For ever quenching still unquench'd ;
The smother'd fire again returns,
A flame unkindled, yet that burns.

Beside his crippled godship—squat
Crispin, the king of coblers, sat;
His full-moon face, and dimpled chin,
Grac'd with an everlasting grin.

Crispin with *understanding* trash,
His customers supplied for—cash.
But furnish'd Vulcan once or twice
Gratis, with medical advice ;

Beside, he could with flippance quote
Some legal sentences by rote ;
But, deeming that it might degrade
Profession, faculty, and trade,
If he should prostitute his pow'rs
And talents, in convivial hours,
In case his consequence should fall,
He held himself apart from all,
Except the Squire—who with a nod
Acknowledged some excessive broad
And classic grins—(if not sublime)
Kept for some special thing or time.

Behind him, like a finger post
Set where highways on wilds are cross'd,
With time and storms a little wreck'd,
Hiram, the village architect,
Stood on a bench to make a speech.
Hiram suck'd brandy, as a leech
Sucks blood—and never gets enough
Until it's drunk and tumbles off.

Though he was no great rhetorician,
Yet being village politician,
And in a proper speaking trim,
He spread his arms as if to swim,
And launch'd more deep in state affairs,
Than Parson Hope could do in prayers.
Albeit he could spin a text,
Till half the villagers were vex'd.

The foreign items were dispatch'd,
What pow'rs to Britain were attach'd,
And what hostile—how France and Spain
Would figure in the next campaign;
How seige and slaughter would devour,
And serf some belligerant pow'r,
Whilst, like a distant cataract,
That o'er a cliff has found a tract,
He finish'd off a round tirade,
Respecting our Colonial Trade;
And had commenc'd a long oration
Concerning some strange proclamation,

Just publish'd from the English mail,
Dated, he said, from Teviotdale ;
A noble, gentle, gen'ral man,
Or something of a Highland clan ;
He could not recollect his name,
However, that was all the same,
For he could tell what he had heard,
The man had offer'd a reward
To find a wife that had been lost
Away about the western coast ;
But, resting there to wet his lip
In Vulcan's tumbler—Album Snip
Came waddling forward like a goose,
And show'd his contour in the house.

Snip was a daily magazine,
In the birth, death, and marriage line,
And own'd a vastly fertile genius
In other matters miscellaneous ;
A cabinet, as if by chance,
Had gather'd on his countenance ;

Around the regions of his nose
Carbuncles gracefully arose ;
And moles, like jaspers, rough and dun,
Had on his cheeks their growth begun ;
Some shades of Ethiopian dye
Lay deeply clouded near his eye ;
Whilst various gems, beneath the skin,
Had found a lodging on his chin.

Album had brains where impudence
Had met and mix'd with common sense ;
His news no prefacing might want,
Tho' they were neither brief nor scant.
Vulcan might drink, until his eyes
Were like a pair of fire-flies,
That thro' the air, on burning wing,
Alternate lights and shadows fling ;
And tho' sometimes the architect
Speeches like may-poles would erect ;
It was not oft such things behov'd,
Save only when the spirit moved.

But Snip, the happiest soul on earth,
Figured at home upon the hearth ;
And had the Levee all engrossed,
Ere Hiram telegraph'd his toast ;
" 'Tis a strange business this indeed,"
Said Album, as he shook his head ;
" The gather'd groupe stood in amaze,
" And eyed the knight with dreadful gaze ;
" Such things before I never knew—
" Tho' I have heard the like—that's true,
" And I have even read of some,
" But never one so near at home"
Continued Snip, whilst every breath
Was hush'd, and all was still as death.
" What things ? what things ?" the squire begun,
" What's happen'd ? any thing been done ?
" Robb'ry—or murder—or—proceed,
" We do not understand your head."

As when some sportsman that has beat
A cover where woodcocks retreat,

And seen the game before his eye,
Rise in alarm and flutter by,
Before a trigger could be drawn,
So Album stood and thus began :

" This afternoon, as Farmer Ray
" Came up the Passage from Green Bay,
" He saw a figure long and gaunt,
" Advancing to the Witch's haunt ;
" And, deeming it was Lucifer,
" Arranging some intrigue with her,
" He couch'd amongst a hemlock clump,
" And hid himself behind a stump ;
" Nor waited long before the crone
" Met with him in the porch alone,
" Though they were distant, he could mark
" They held a council deep and dark ;
" And each alternately would hold
" What might be deem'd a piece of gold,
" Or shone as such around the rim,
" Though what it was, unknown to him.

" Whilst twilight gather'd on the hill,
" Within his lair he tarried still ;
" And as the ev'ning shadows lay
" Along the margin of the bay,
" He felt his heart with horror move,
" To see in that sequester'd grove
" The " budding beauty" of the creek,
" Such hellish habitation seek.

" He call'd the maiden, tho' he deem'd
" There might be witchcraft, for she seem'd
" Just like a bird some snake would charm,
" That hops around in dire alarm,
" Keeps fluttering forward, till too late,
" Then rushes on to certain fate ;
" So Elen seem'd, in sore dismay,
" Would oft her ling'ring footsteps stay ;
" And many a varied longitude
" Her tract betrayed among the wood ;
" As anxious to escape Westcot,
" Yet wending nearer to the spot,

" Until it stood before her eye,
" And then she rush'd on rapidly.

" Ray call'd aloud to heav'n, and ran
" To wrest her from the Haridan ;
" But saw the fearful form advance,
" And gaze into her countenance ;
" Then, in fantastic figure, placed
" His fiendlike arms around her waist ;
" And fondly twice embrace her cheek,
" And twice exclaimed Wit-che-ka-teak ;
" Untoose, the pale Rosette's Untoose,
" Before he let the maiden loose.

" Nor moved she then to gain the cot,
" But seem'd entranced upon the spot ;
" Whilst the old Witch her arms anew
" Like wither'd branches round her threw,
" And held her fast, and wept so loud,
" Ray heard them sobbing where he stood ;

" But fearing much their mystic rite
" Should unawares on him alight;
" He turn'd away, and sought a path
" Exorcised from their vengeful wrath."

Album would still have hurried on,
His tale was far from being done;
Had not an owl that moment whoo'd
Portenteously amongst the wood;
A deathlike silence reign'd, and then
It echoed fearfully again;
Nor had it died upon the ear,
That hearken'd deeper still to hear,
When the fierce Micmac's whoop and yell,
Like thunder on the village fell.

What bard, unblest with martial verse,
In song can savage wars rehearse;
Bold were his heart would dare essay
To weave their labours with his lay;

Not side by side and hand to hand
They march to wield the battle brand;
But one by one they court the strife,
With tomahawk and scalping knife;
In forest dark by day conceal'd,
They seek not fame on serried field,
'Till midnight lend her sable shades,
To hide their horrid camisades.

On Blockhouse hill the whoop begun,
And through the woods it wildly run;
The lake above, the stream below,
Returned the telegraph of woe;
Along the beach the echoes came,
And mingled with the flick'ring flame,
Whilst shrieks of terror and despair
In fearful cadence fill'd the air.

Around that scene of festive mirth,
Where, waiting for the young year's birth,
The wassail group their orgies held,
The whoop was long and loudly yell'd;

Without, the brandish'd weapon gleam'd,
Within the females wildly scream'd;
Not so the squire, his little band
Beside him rally'd hand to hand;
And tho' alas! in kindling fire,
Already smoked their fun'ral pyre;
Still native Nova-Scotian pride
The lack of battle brand supplied;
There courage roused by danger rose
And dared barbarian rage oppose;
Nor shunn'd they death, to shelter life,
But mingled in the mortal strife;
The whoop without—the shout within,
Peal'd with a daring desperate din,
Whilst missiles hissing through the flame,
In show'rs amongst the assailants came,
And javelins without that whirl'd
In air at the assail'd were hurled;
Nor were they always hurled in vain,
For Crispin in the fray was slain;

And Hiram—as he sought to shade
The squire, was cleft athwart the head,
And reeling with the mortal wound,
Stretch'd Album headlong on the ground;
Nor died they unrevenged that died,
Tho' fate and vict'ry were allied;
For seven tall Micmacs bow'd their pride,
And lay amidst the purple tide;
As many a bottle, richly stored,
Broke on the fierce barbarian horde.

But then, alas! the flames prevail'd,
And every thing to fight with fail'd;
Defenceless, still amidst the fire,
They gather'd round the gallant squire;
Nor mercy from the savage sued,
But nobly perish'd unsubdued;
Nor shrunk to die amidst the flame,
That future bards might lisp their fame.

Infuriate, since the fight began,
The Micmacs thro the village ran;

But it was not for feasts of blood,
They pour'd in torrents from the wood;
Although revenge is half their faith,
Yet they were sick of wanton death;
Left by the Gaul to fate or fame,
For captives, more than scalps they came;
As lawful sov'reigns of the soil,
Where kings claim tribute, they sought spoil;
Hence, every rich and living thing
They seiz'd, that might a ransom bring;
And held, fee simple as their own,
What e'er they found in Quakertown.

In ev'ry pass—in every way,
Their lurking files in ambush lay
Around the village—and the shore
With savages was covered o'er,
Whilst fire in various quarters spread,
To lend them light and scatter dread;
And, as the song of death begun,
That told of vengeful vict'ry won,

The naked tenants left their home,
Like corpses summoned from the tomb;
Nor age—nor sex, precedence share,
All caught as birds in evil snare.

Away, away, the motley groupe,
Move forward to the frequent whoop;
O'er tangled holm, o'er braided hill,
O'er bubbling brook and lakelet still,
O'er cove, and creek, as they pass'd on,
The light from far around them shone;
And ne'er before, in glen or vale,
Has New year's eve heard such a wail;
And never with such shout and din
Was New year's morning welcomed in;
Whilst bank and beach repeated o'er
The wake that peal'd upon the shore;
And fowls and cattle chorus made,
Meet for such serflike serenade.

Behind them now, upon the strand,
Came piles of plunder from the land;

Roll'd down the banks to wharves below,
Or haul'd as sleds along the snow ;
Large bales of England's choicest ware
Anon are proudly marshall'd there ;
And pipes—and casks of ev'ry size,
Come thund'ring down in threat'ning guise ;
Whilst, oftentimes, the frail canoe
Shares in the conquest where they go.

Such scenes might cease a little space,
When herds affrighted claim the chace ;
Still, it was sad at noon of night,
To see Chebucto gleam so bright ;
And hark the howl of dogs that fled,
Come like a requiem o'er the dead ;
Whilst cackling geese and bleating sheep,
The wake in dismal cadence keep.

Away—away, the Illenoo
Their course along the bay pursue ;
Nor might the ruthless sept forget
To rifle cot and castellet.

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From Creighton Hall the guests are gone,
The prison-creek [18] is left with none;
The captives and their keepers too
Are fellow-peers to Cusawoe;
The bars that else had hope control'd,
Could not from fortune long withhold;
(Fortune that often jilts the muse,
Now miserly and now profuse);
Nor could the Nurse be lonely left,
Lest fate should still be lack of weft;
The web her daughters had to weave
Was warped in their loom that eve;
But counting length or breadth were vain,
Until the shuttle stay'd again.

When morning dawn'd (the New year's morn)
On Clarence tow'r and Greenfield bourn;
In various groupes the savage clan,
Had camped near the barbacan;
Beyond the raging ocean's reach
A fire was blazing on the beach;

And circled on the frozen ground,
Were prisoners and pillage found;
Whilst, like a rampart round them thrown,
The victors formed the farthest zone;
Tho' farther still a cloud of mist
Hung o'er Chebucto's heaving breast;
And hid the isles that lay between
Her arms—or on her bosom lean.

Beside a bush—almost alone,
'Two female figures lay—and one,
With open volume in her hand,
Stood by them weeping on the strand;
Be these Miss Elen—Lady Scott,
And Widow Grhame—but ask me not
What has escaped the muses care,
To tell how heaven has brought them there.

The Wuspem chief of Marlaquille,
Wit-che-ka-teak, when night was still,
Left Westcot as the years had met,
With tidings to the pale Rosette;

Nor ever dream'd that in his way
The Waghon tribe in ambush lay ;
Until he heard the din of war,
And saw the flame that gleam'd afar ;
Then turn'd, as sympathy and fame,
Besieged him with an equal claim.
And now like some commanding tow'r—
Thine Clarence, on the eastern shore
Immovable—but still prepared,
Chebucto's cloistered banks to guard,
That friendly chief within the wood,
Watch o'er the female triad stood ;
Hence, what on earth is accident,
Heavn's fix'd decrees oft represent.

Ah ! who can tell what feelings there,
What love—what gladness—what despair,
Commingled in those hearts, that grief
Had girdled like a gather'd sheaf ;
The Lady said—" I'll die in peace,
" Already does my sorrow cease ;

" My sorrows—long enough they've been,
" But Elen lives—and I have seen
" All, all I sought—nor only you,
" Instead of one, Heav'n sent me two ;
" Two ? yes, and double more we know,
" Heav'n were as willing to bestow."

" Ah ! mother, is it kind of Heav'n,"
The daughter said, " that we are driv'n
" Here—is it only this you crave,
" To meet together at the grave ;
" Or worse where death in hurtling hives,
" Thrice terrible around us lives ;
" And yawns, and whets his sting, and gapes
" In nameless forms and dismal shapes ?
" O 'tis not kind, I rather deem,
" Such blessings cruelty's extreme ;
" Yet I love heav'n, and oft have felt
" This heart of mine in pleasure melt ;
" Ev'n in my hapless widowhood,
" O'er gifts divine when they were good ;

" And should we scape this fearful scene,
" I might feel happiness again ;
" Or taste her cup, else why prepare
" Such bev'rage, if we may not share
" The draught—Hope, is an evergreen,
" And chance already ours has been ;
" But wherefore hope, if death is nigh,
" Hope needs not live, where life must die."

Unmoved and mute—still Elen stood,
Beside them in a pensive mood ;
Her heart was big, and soar'd to heav'n,
But not before despair had striv'n ;
And left some relics still behind,
Tho' yet unbanish'd from her mind,
Kept loit'ring round her languid eye,
And tinged it with a tearful dye ;
Nor was she faithless, yet, but ONE
That erst had saved the patriarch's son,
On the lone mountain's distant height,
Could still make bare an arm of might ;

And in Acadia's farther wild,
Yet spare a widow's only child.

Nor could the Waghon tribe have been
Long idle, in such busy scene;
Their dance had finish'd to the sun,
And that of death had now begun;
Their bloody banqueting was plann'd,
And stakes already stay'd in sand;
Whilst seven creek captives they ordain,
A sacrifice to soothe the slain,
Or hunt their game—or lend them aid,
In some elysian camisade,
Midst hideous whoop and christian wail,
Are passing thro' their ordeal;
And looking, ah! how they look round
For help, that cannot there be found.

The mist is scatter'd far away,
That erewhile settled on the bay;

And doubling round the devil's isle, [19]
A ship veers to the east defile ;
Whilst land-ward booming, from her came
Loud thunder, issuing thro' flame ;
Nor ceased the peal—nor ceased the smoke,
That proudly o'er her bulwarks broke,
Ere, fast beneath her pennon slung,
The Micmac's sacred symbols hung ;
A bow unbent—a pointless dart,
And broken tomahawk—apart
From three long arrows, smoothly bound
With skins of speckled snakes around ;
And round a scalping knife, half sheath'd,
Were belts of Wampum richly wreath'd ;
Whilst o'er the argent ensign set,
Conspicuous shone the calumet ;
And Cusawoe from these could tell
What olive branches image well. [20]

Soon as the barge is overboard,
A noble freight is in it stored ;

And lightly scuds along the wave,
Midst gallant cheers that greet the brave ;
Nor scarcely creaks beneath the oar,
Ere it is moor'd along the shore.

The first that leapt upon the land,
And with him carried high command,
Is Eustace Wynne—a gen'rous tar,
Prepared alike for peace or war ;
One hand with trinkets amply stored,
And one is resting on his sword ;
But tell it not to Elen Grhame,
'Twould burn her maiden cheek with shame.

And who the next that treads along,
And seeks a passage thro' the throng ;
Such martial air but ill supplies
The incog claim'd in his disguise ;
With Wampum belt and pipe of peace,
He courts the sacrifice to cease ;

But whilst his speech to Casawoe,
Is sometimes vague, and often slow;
His eye on Elen Grhame is fixed,
An eye of love with sorrow mix'd;
And turning on Fitz Eustace, said,
Will you enquire of yonder maid
Whence she may be and what her name,
And—blush not Wynne—nor Arthur blame,
Love has been mine—nor time can blanch
What many waters will not quench;
I've sought for death in fields of war,
And travelled years in climes afar;
I've flung earth's useless toys aside,
And snapp'd the lavish shoots from pride;
Ev'n friendship spurn'd, and laugh'd at fame,
But love unquench'd still burns the same;
And still my heart is unconsum'd,
For Elen Scott is there inhumed;
But ah! how much that fair one seems
Like her, yet blessing Arthur's dreams.

Love, friendship, valour, all at once,
Rush'd to the Sailor's countenance ;
The rising blush, the smile supprest,
And daring eye them all confest.
And more than all—for jealousy
Above them held a colour high ;
But he was motionless the while,
Lest passion there might speech beguile ;
And look'd around with steadfast eye,
Yet ventured not to make reply.

As still in deep suspense they stood,
Wit-che-ka-teak sprung from the wood ;
And rushing rudely o'er the strand,
He snatch'd the book from Elen's hand ;
And open'd to the stranger's eye
A page of Bible mystery.

What tokens that blank leaf might tell
The stranger could unriddle well ;

Yet would enquire from whence they came,
And who, or where was Elen Grhame,
Or Euphen Scott—but there was none
Could answer where the Chief was gone;
And looking round on either side,
Stood mute again, but could not hide
A tear, that hasten'd to embalm
An eye that else was keen and calm;
Yet well might love such homage claim,
From martyr like Sir Arthur Grhame.

Ere Wynne could ask, or Arthur tell
The tale of type and miracle,
The Wuspem chief before them brought
The treasure Grhame so long had sought;
The pale Rosette, no longer pale,
(A crimson blush her beauties veil)
Lost in the transit brief and bright,
Stood like a statue of delight;
Amaz'd and overwhelm'd in bliss,
And joy and love and happiness.

And Elen, as a lovely flow'r
Made lovelier in the summer show'r,
Came bending, beautiful and fair,
To seek a Father's blessing there ;
And seem'd to double all her charms,
When folded in her father's arms.

Nor was the good old Lady Scott
In such a gladsome hour forgot ;
No pleasures else, than these now given
On earth, she sought to share from Heav'n ;
The lost and loved already there,
Oft burdened, but now blest her prayer.

But who can conjure up the scene,
When friends, long parted, meet again ;
What muse the boundless vision bind,
Where verse might never limit find ;
Genius of song it is not mine,
To make these happy moments thine ;
It is not mine to hold the true
And living images in view ;

Yet fancy there can spread her wing,
And some faint semblance from it bring.

Leila! 'tis meet my tale should close,
Nor ask if these were fancied woes;
The captives from the village brought
Sir Arthur ransom'd on the spot;
And buried in the Westcot wood
A hatchet deeply dyed in blood;
Whilst chief with chief together met,
To smoke the peaceful calumet.
The pale Rosette is known to fame,
In distant climes as Lady Grhame;
Lady of Beaumot bank and moor,
Of Linton holm and Clifton-tow'r,
That rise along the links of Kale,
And Grange in "pleasant Teviotdale;
Whilst Elen's name, and Arthur's line,
Have both been blent with Eustace Wynne,
And the old Witch that heir'd Westcot,
Has long been lost in Lady Scott.

When the Chief of Wuspem hid his face
To the wilderness with grief went Grace;
And the pale man's paascowee is still
The manitou of Marlaquille.

THE LEGEND OF LOON.

THE GRAVE OF THE ROCK.

PART FIRST.

The Lady of Loon had a beautiful Boy,
The pride of her heart, and the pearl of her eye,
Earth had not one idol, might share in her joy
Over Lawrence—yet often o'er Lawrence she'd sigh.

To banish the follies that lodged in his mind,
And nourish the virtues that nestled around it,
Employ'd all the leisure this lady could find,
A task not exactly Thomsonian* she found it.

* Delightful task, to teach the young idea how to shoot, &c.

e story of Evelyn is weary and wild,
'Tis enough—that a widow in youth she became,
lone from the world, she lived self exiled,
And the world in return never whispered her name.

Hence, Acadia has once been a climate where slander
Has held her levees on a moderate scale;
But now the vile libertine, wholesale may pander,
And hence, 'tis inferred, mine's no yesterday tale. [1]

Or say Haliburton, who taught us her glory, [2]
Or Edwin the "Lord of her lute and her lays;" [3]
The voice of the vale, does not vaguely implore ye,
To point out the spot where no syren betrays.

In the heart of the city I've worshipped fame,
But her honours came mildew'd with slander's foul breath;
Away in the desart I shrouded my name,
But there she was lurking more lurid than death.

Aye, where is the Eden where beauty and riches,
Where youth—where, for instance, the Lady of Loon
Might hide from the tongue of detraction, that itches
To poison the female that heirs such a boon?

Come listen my verse, nor at present examine
What it is the philosopher's duty to scan,
How or what 'tis occasions this terrible famine
In heroine ladies, lies far from my plan.

My lay is of Lawrence—attend to my verse,
Human Nature's the same 'twas a cent'ry before;
And tho' the Loon Ladies have always been scarce,
Yet their sons are more plentiful now, than of yore.

'Twas the last day of June—and the loveliest too,
The thirtieth—doubtless a fine sunny long one;
The birth day of Lawrence—I'm sure 'twould not do,
In a legend like this to begin with a wrong one.

If birth-days could be with etiquette referred,
In the country such festivals suit best in summer;
Mine happens in March—but I'll have it transferred,
As kings and their peers do, to keep them in humour.

Then I think that a short pithy postscript in rhyme,
Will answer quite well in a case such as that;
And June—yes indeed its a capital time,
There are strawberries then, and the trout too are fat.

Aye, laugh ye vile gourmands that riot on wine,
And swallow huge junkets of poundcake and plumb;
Such cheer seldom greets this fir table of mine,
Besides, when it's winter, my friends cannot come.

I've heard an old shepherd a proverb repeat,
That the greater the cost is, the greater the honour;
'Tis an excellent toast for a guest at a treat,
Quite reckless the while how he spunges the doner.

The last day of June, Lawrence hail'd it with gladness,
But not so his mother, who always wept o'er it,
Nor small was the measure that meted her sadness,
For her lord had been scalp'd on the evening before it.

Attend to my verse—for the last day of June,
The Boy's birth anniversary, do recollect it;
'Tis a new fashion'd system of singing a tune,
To repeat a choice bar, least the hearer forget it.

Now as singing and saying are sisters polite,
(Some volunteer critics have told us they're twins)
Yet connoisseurs doubtless would count it a bite,
Should no interlude peal, ere the anthem begins.

And if splendid song singers, in grand oratorios,
Commence on waste music, nor deem it below 'em;
Song-makers—Lord help them, with trade more precarious
Hold a patent from Greece to begin with a proem.

This finishes mine—the Cantata's begun,
Remember the season I sing of—midsummer,
When the lady of Loon took a walk with her son—
The lady in grave, and the boy in gay humour.

'Twas eve, and the sun in his splendour went down,
As the patriarch goes to the grave of his fathers;
And twilight her veil o'er the Lakelet had thrown,
As the mist of long years on the lone hamlet gathers.

And dimly and darkly the planet-light shone,
Where the dull waveless waters lay still and serene;
And the moon, tho' her girdle of glory was on,
Came bride-like and blush'd o'er the beautiful scene.

The broad mant'ling forest, majestic and green,
Around them was spread like a collossal leaf,
And silent and sober the evening had been;
Here sprinkled with gladness—*there* mingled with grief.

But wild ceaseless voices awoke in the vale,
From the daughters of music the twilight entrancing;
Whilst ever and aye to their wierdlike wail,
Flash'd the pinions of fire flies proudly glancing.

On the trunk of a willow that half withered stood
Alone—on the bank Lady Evelyn reclined;
On this side the lakelet, on that the dark wood,
And a rock like a ruin'd tower rose up behind.

But Lawrence was mute, tho' he could not tell why,
With all the creation so happy around him;
Save only his mother had grief in her eye,
And that eye held a power like enchantment that bound [him.

"Come Lawrence and rest here beside this old tree,"
Lady Evelyn said to her son sadly weeping;
"'Tis a beautiful spot tho' a sad one to me,
"For beneath this green hillock your Father lies sleeping

"Twelve years have elapsed—twelve sorrowful years,
Since thro' this fair woodland by moonlight we stray'd;
Like yesterday still unto me it appears,
Tho' a widow and mother at once I was made.

"Where that moss cover'd rock in the skirt of the wood,
Like a grey hermit stands looking out from his cell;
As an owl on its summit, a fierce Indian whoo'd,
Then leapt from behind it, with wharwhoop and yell.

"I saw but the monster once brandish his knife,
When the flash of his eye fell like lightning on mine;
And St. Clair from the savage first sued for my life,
Then yielded his own as a ransom for thine.

"And now to this scene of my sorrows we come,
Who knows if we ever may come here again;
But you must kneel down on your fathers' cold tomb,
And pray for the savage by whom he was slain."

" My trade is to fight madam—yours be to pray"
Said Lawrence, "that fortune may favour your son ;
But I'll first kill the ruffian, and then I dare say,
After that, we shall see what is best to be done.

" It shall not be told on the tablets of fame,
Or in camps where my kinsmen around me may gather ;
That Lawrence St. Clair such a caitiff became,
As pray for the villain that murdered his Father.

" By the cross of St. Cuthbert that hangs in Loon-hall,
And the faulchion beneath it blood-crusted and gory,
The wretch on this grave shall be spread like a pall,
And a curse on that heart would assoil me the glory.

" So soon as this arm can flourish a brand,
An arrow must drop from the red Indian's quiver ;
One ghost must be sent to the dark spirit land,
And the " death-song" shall burden the rock and the
[river."

"And then, as the tempest that gathers afar
And falls on the forest with terrible fury,
The wild tribe of Waghon shall come to the war,
And the hatchet of blood is a hard one to bury.

"And Loon shall be lost," Lady Evelyn said,
"And what if it is" Lawrence boldly replied;
"If Loon be the ransom 'tis time it were paid,
And should honour demand it—the Lady beside.

"But my Father to kneel at a Savage's foot,
And yield up his life without striking a blow;
Hark—hark—ha! the owls are come hither to hoot,
And join in this fearful assemblage of woe.

"Nay, mock not my arm tho' feeble it seems,
For this hand tho' now smaller and softer than thine,
The fame of St. Clair from the Micmac redeems,
Else Lawrence shall perish the last of his line."

"'Tis a beautiful tale—but an idle one too,
Yet sweetly such fancies may fall on thine ear,"
A voice faintly whispered—as full on his view
The dark chief of Waghon lean'd over his spear."

"Thou seem'st, to the eye of the red Illenoo,
As feeble and slim as the reed by the lake,"
The warrior resumed, as he threw down his bow,
And bade the death song of his fathers awake.

"I come here to die—and tho' weak be the hand,
Tomegan rejoices a son of the slain
Shall send him away to the dark spirit land,
Where the ghosts never mingle in battle again.

"Then strike—for I've waited till many a long moon
Has lighted the land where my fathers have gone;
But I might not depart, 'till the last heir of Loon
Shall bathe in my heart's blood a brand of my own.

"Strike deep with this knife, it is crusted with blood,
The pure and the purple—a beautiful dye;
'Twas the life of a warrior that over it flow'd,
That warrior St. Clair—Boy how dim is thine eye.

"St. Clair was an eagle—his tongue was but one,
Tho' I deem'd that his tongue and his eyes were alike;
It was false—but I slew him—and you are his son,
And yours be this manitou—take it and strike."

Tomegan was silent, and bending his knee,
Divided the mailcloth that mantled his breast;
Whilst Lawrence, unmoved as the trunk of the tree,
The dark chief of Waghon thus boldly address'd:

"False Indian begone to thy proud forest home,
My tongue too is one, tho' my weapons are weak;
But it is not to murder that Lawrence has come,
Tho' vengeance is vaulting aloof on his cheek.

" But go to thy wigwam, till fourscore of moons
O'er the grave of my Father may wax and may wane,
When the last one is bright on the Lake of the Loons,
Then here on its margin I'll meet you again.

" But come as an Indian comes forth to the war
With thy javelin and lance—and thy quiver and bow,
And although that the distance till then may seem far,
My mother forbids that the slaughter be now."

" The eye of Tomegon is cloudless and bright,
As the eagle that looks on the dazzling sun ;
His heart now is strong and his foot is so light,
That the moose on the snow he has often outrun.

" On his wigwam an hundred proud tokens are hung,
The sachems and warriors of Waspem supplied,
And a stem from the root of the Monguash tribe sprung,
Is his—and no Micmac can boast such a bride.

"To night there is glory to send him away
To the far spirit land where his fathers have gone;
But when like *that* willow he yields to decay,
The hand that may gather his scalp shall have mine.

"In four score of moons—ah! his hair shall be grey,
His heart may be sad and his eye growing dim;
And time shall have wasted his trophies away,
And his squaw shall be old and grow weary of him.

"Then strike—for the spirits of parted ones wait,
To tell where the sachems of Waghon are gone;
Strike now—for they weary to wander so late,
And a hunter is lost on their praries alone."

He said, and look'd upward to welcome the stroke,
But the young heir of Loon had no ear for such tale;
And he turned him away from the grave of the rock,
With the Lady—and left the dark chief in the vale

END OF PART FIRST

THE LEGEND OF LOON.

THE FRIAR OF THE FOREST.

PART SECOND.

Come muse of the vale, and awake the wild lay,
On the dial of heaven, in shadows sublime;
The fourscore of full moons have told their brief stay,
And left a few tints on the tablets of time.

Six years and six months from the gay and the young,
Like the echoes of music have flitted along,
But heavily, heavily, often they've hung,
As the tale of distress round the children of song.

And the heart that was light as the midsummer breeze,
That rippled Lake Loon when that period began,
Perchance now has quaff'd sorrow's cup to the lees,
And compass'd else limitless hopes in a span.

Toil—toil is a treasure that charter'd the poor,
And affliction is sometimes annexed to their lot;
But *their* weeping shall only a season endure,
There is hope in the grave when their mem'ry's forgot.

In the mazes of folly how many are lost,
In the mazes of fashion, the footstool to vice,
Relentless tormentors of time, till its ghost,
Unshrouded forbids them to murder it twice.

Six years and a half—ah! it comes and it goes,
Like a funeral procession along the high way;
For a moment the herse on the mind may impose,
But too faint to abide till the last hour of day.

Those many long moons have reluctantly come,
And as tardily gone from the children of care ;
From the exile that wanders afar from his home,
And the lover that mingles fond hope with despair.

If the whole human family are tasting the pain,
In which the creation has travaill'd till now, [4]
What verse may unfold how the burden has lain,
Where crime and remorse bid the anguish o'erflow.

'Twas the last of December, a cold wintry night,
A cent'ry and almost a half now ago ;
The moon in her glory was beauteous and bright,
And the lakes and the landscapes were cover'd with sno

When the Friar of the Forest, in pilgrim's attire,
From his cell in his amice and snow shoes is gone ;
His eyes erewhile meekness now mingled with ire,
As o'er the white Basin he wander'd alone.

There's a dark cloud of smoke in the woodlands afar,
Where the daughter of morning her beauty displays,
And a glimmering light, like a soft falling star,
That ever and aye in that dim column plays.

To the smoke that arose from the flickering light,
Over windfall so rough, and the smooth drifted wreath,
The Friar sped on, as a bold warrior might,
When he leads forth his legions to conquest or death.

His steps in the forest were fearless and fleet,
Till the ruins of Loon Hall arose on his view;
The Jay, in its balcony, claim'd a retreat,
And the Owls in its casements had charter'd a feu.

The pilgrim then started, and stay'd him awhile,
To look o'er that scene so bewilder'd and lone;
But his eye rested not on the dreary defile,
For the glory of Loon like a shadow was gone.

A serecloth of snow on the Lakelet was spread,
Where the blue curling wavelets in summer had been ;
And the trunk of the willow, now branchless and dead,
In the mirage beyond, like a tomb-stone was seen.

'Twas a desolate spot—for the Legend of Loon
In the camp of the hunters was treasured with care,
And many had seen, by the light of the moon,
A Ghost—where Tomegan had murder'd St. Clair.

And tho' the bland may-flower had oftentimes sprung
On the green turf, that o'er Lady Evelyn lay ;
And thrice had the anthems of summer been sung,
Since Lawrence had wept o'er his mother's mute clay.

Still fearful and wild, betwixt wailing and laughter,
At midnight lamentable howlings were there ;
As the yells of an Indian preparing for slaughter,
When the death song arises and troubles the air.

Tho' Night there sat cloudless and calm on her throne,
No figures were seen, and no spirits were yelling,
But swifter and swifter the Friar sped on,
Till he came to the rock of the red Spectre's dwelling.

And there a tall Indian in deep musing mood,
As still as the Lake, and his eye full as blank,
A death-looking image, before him there stood,
And his raquets beside him were flung on the bank.

A light flush of crimson came over the Friar,
As he looked on the form so fiend-like before him;
And tho' he had come there with feelings of ire,
Yet a cold icy shudder pass'd heavily o'er him.

"Ha! warrior of Waghon, say, wherefore alone?
Is thy wigwam afar?" to the savage he said.
"My grave is dug here, other home I have none,"
The Indian made answer, reclining his head.

"I came here to die, but the pale color'd man,
Has a false serpent tongue, and a weak woman's hand;
The moon is now beaming as bright as it can,
But Laurence of Loon is not here with his brand."

"Tis well," said the Friar, "if death be so nigh,
Let earth be forgot, and look upward to heaven;
For the church has forbid that a Micmac should die
Till confession be made, and ablution be given."

"Fame talks of Tomegan," replied the bold chief,
Whilst an old rusty dagger he drew from his belt,
"Absolve with this knife, my confessions are brief,
The hatchets of Wuspem beneath it have knelt.

"The heart of Tomegan's a rock in the steam,
The torrent has oftentimes troubled in vain;
And his eye is as strong as the sun's brightest beam,
When he withers the wild-flowers that bloom on the plain.

" But the cloud and the forest the sunlight oft hides,
And darkness o'ershadows the red snake's blue eye ;
And a pain in his bosom forever abides,
That may not depart till the leaves on him lie.

" The red skin or pale face that brandish'd his knife,
Or bended his bow where the Waghon have game,
To this manitou yielded the current of life,
Tho' the camp and the council might live on his name.

" When the warwhoop was mute where the red torrent ran,
And the tomahawk slept underneath the white flower,
Then the beautiful branch of the pale color'd man,
Had wander'd away from her father's log-bower.

" And Tomegan has often been joyous to see
The bow of the cloud when it spans the blue sky ;
But his bosom shook long like a tall leafy tree,
When the Lily of Loon stood before his keen eye.

" Tabun-ska the bright Che-oc-chee-mo-che * stem,
And Maquake are his, beside Uga-mul-chin ;
His heart was a rock in the snow-wreath to them,
But a fountain of flame when he saw Evelyn.

" Tabun-ska was proud as the big golden flower
That worships the sun in his glory at noon ;
But the rose plant at morning embalm'd in a shower,
Can only be named with the Lily of Loon.

" The furskin and hair-scalp, had ever and aye
Been a belt that encircled the red-snake's sun,
Till the pale one lighted a lovelier ray,
And a terrible torrent beneath it has run.

" Then the beaver builded her lodge in the lake,
And the moose started not from the white javelin ;
And the forest echoes might only awake
When they breathed of that beautiful one—Evelyn.

* Maple.

"But she loved not Tomegan, her heart was afar,
With the eagle of Loon in the Isle of St. John;
The Loon and the Red-snake were brothers in war,
And the Mohawks can tell of the triumphs they won.

"The belt of their friendships is sculptur'd with care,
On a tall rock the Micmacs have rear'd in the vale;
And the stream rests awhile from its wanderings there,
And looks with delight on the beautiful tale.

"'Tho' the tongue of the Waghon can tell where the dove
May fold up her wing whilst she's cleaving the air;
Yet their Chief was a stranger that Evelyn's love
In the wampum was blended along with St. Clair.

"Yet certain it gladden'd Tomegan's heart more
Than the proud things of earth or the bright ones of hea-
To watch like an Otter upon the lake shore, [ven,
And worship that Manitou walking at even.

"But she wept—ah! how long and how loudly she wept,
And so wild was her sorrow it troubled the air;
And the tongue of the viewless spirit that slept,
Awoke in the valley and whisper'd St. Clair.

"Then the Red-snake grasped this blood guilty knife,
And friendship was swallowed in vengeance the while,
Alas! it is stain'd with the stream of his life,
And Tomegan is damn'd for the deed was so vile.

"I have grasped at Death—but it flies from my hand,
I deem'd to have met it ere now from his son;
Then child of the church do absolve with this brand,
Bid it haste to my heart, my confessions are done."

So much said Tomegan, preparing to die,
And lifted his head to look up on the Friar;
But Lawrence of Loon stood before his dark eye,
Array'd in his Father's best fighting attire.

" 'Tis well that this faulchion I may not profane,
With the victim of vengeance" the Friar began ;
" Tho' blood calls for blood, still it carries a stain,
Accursed of God, and detested by man.

" But go to the desarts of darkness, and grope
For the pathway that leads to the paradise bowers ;
Yes !—go to the land where the day spring of hope
May never illumine a spirit like yours."

* * * * * * *

A flight of long ages has flitted along,
And their hist'ries are hid in the rubbish of years ;
' Till the bard o'er them lift the enchantments of song,
And rend the dim veil that forgetfulness wears.

But amongst the grey rocks by the Lake of the Loons
The bones of an Indian are still to be seen ;
And the sunshine and tempest, a thousand long moons,
Have witnessed and wasted the relics obscene.

The cell of Friar Lawrence, sequester'd and lone,
On the banks of the Basin now cringes to time,
And some faded memorials, engraven on stone,
Are blent with the symbols of sorrow and crime.

And the grave of the rock is forgotten and lost,
But Loon is a Legend of dangers and deeds;
And the hunters at twilight have oft seen a ghost,
Like the Friar of the Forest there, counting his beads.

THE TRUANT AND THE FOAMWREATH.

I play'd the Truant once in youth,
At school a terrible transgression—
But there's no crime in telling truth,
When fraught with any useful lesson ;
My comrades flatter'd me—but no,
Then frightened, still I would not go.

Some wish'd to view the banks of Tweed,
And more, the lovely vale of Teviot,
A few, but very few, agreed
To see the classic hills of Cheviot ;
And many a little fugitive
That day made time his thefts retrieve.

One boy—a cunning urchin too,
Staid by me 'till the pilgrims squander'd,
Then wheedled me with him to go
Where Esk, the pride of song, meander'd ;
And told me tales that coax'd me on,
Till I could not return alone.

O'er mount and moor we ran awhile,
'Twas on at brook, and on at briar ;
And ay he said, 'twas but one mile,
But that *one* mile we ne'er came nigher ;
At length my feet became so sore,
That I would travel on no more.

James Broomfield seem'd a by the bye,
Who's fellow might be found at random,
Mischievous—profligate and sly,
Oft difficult to understand 'm ;
Some people said he was a devil—
But I thought James was vastly civil.

He learn'd to read his book in school,
Out of it studied human nature;
And if sometimes he seem'd a fool,
'Twas but a mask to hide some feature
Where wisdom, in a playful tone,
Forgot to fling her mantle on.

Far other I, in schoolboy day,
And though the thing a little strange is,
Still meteors in life's orbit play,
That oft my choicest scheme deranges;
Like James I had some dreams of fame,
Yet knew not whence—nor why they came.

But when I climb'd up Soutra hill,
My hopes of fame were much diminish'd,
Nor gain'd we Crichtondean, until
The phantom altogether vanish'd;
I pleaded oft, but ay in vain,
To stay 'till James came back again.

He told me tales of eldrich hags,
Thro' air on brooms at midnight flaunting,
And pointed to some awful crags,
Where goblins claim'd a fearful haunt in,
And conn'd a curious legend o'er,
Where water spirits dwelt of yore.

He knew in what ill-omen'd nights
The fairies held their moonlight dances,
What brownies, and enchanted knights,
Once figured in long lost romances ;
And sung a song of Scotia's war,
Longer by odds than " Lochinvar."

Ev'n Esk's wild stream, and Roslin wood,
He painted up so bright before me,
Already in the glen I stood
And heard the branches rustling o'er me—
Hope on me holds some pow'rful claims,
Tho' weak compar'd with daylight dreams.

Highways to us were vulgar stuff,
James would not set one foot upon 'em—
For common trav'lers good enough,
He said—but fame would never own 'em—
Our route was over moss and moor,
Where human feet ne'er trod before.

I clamber'd up another hill,
And in a frenzy gazed around it,
But ah! there was one farther still,
And still one more as high beyond it.
Then my young eyes, like burning flames,
Fell as a pestilence on James.

My clothes were torn, my lunch was lost,
My heart half bursting and half burning,
I cry'd with grief or hunger most,
But James was deaf to our returning;
And said (perhaps it might be true)
That none but cowards took the rue.

I pleaded, but my suit was vain,
He would not listen to my story,
Repeating o'er and o'er again,
Misfortune often leads to glory ;
And ask'd me if I felt no shame
To halt amid the path to fame.

Then sent his searching eye far thro'—
That dwelt on *something* at a distance,
Like moving wreaths of virgin snow,
When the broad moonlight on it glistens ;
And, in a transport of delight,
Dash'd in the copsewood from my sight.

Fleet as the fawn springs from her lair,
When the red Indian hunts his quarry,
I followed him in wild despair,
And screech'd aloud on me to tarry ;
" Stay, Broomfield stay"—he answer'd " no"
Tho' echo call'd " stay Broomfield" too.

As rills, that scarce in summer creep,
  Thro' autumn live in torrents rushing,
So reckless down the rugged steep
  I ran, thro' bush and briar crushing,
But little knew or car'd to know
Where I was going or would go.

I stopt to list, and held my breath
  And heard him thro' the bushes crashing,
I saw him once—tho' far beneath,
  Across a mountain streamlet splashing;
Nor ever turn'd to look behind,
But sped on swifter than the wind.

And when I gain'd the farther side,
  Huge topling cliffs above me dangled,
And o'er them hung, in wicked pride,
  Brushwood and thorns were rudely tangled;
I deem'd that goblins in such glen,
Might lodge apart from human ken.

I sought above—below, around,
And marvel'd much how Broomfield passed 'em
But as no passage could be found,
Imagined something ill possest 'im,
Or else one of the Broomstick hags
Had lifted him beyond the crags.

I saw a track where goats had gone,
And worn smooth with much frequenting,
But I kept wandering on and on,
Perplexed, fatigued—and almost fainting;
And fearing much the fairies' wrath,
If I should trample in their path.

Down the rough channel of the Brook,
Straight or zig zag aye with it worming,
I kept—no truant at his Book
More eagerly his task performing;
Till, from the op'ning vale, afar,
I saw the columns of Dunbar.

But clouds of spray, like curling smoke
At morning from a village rising,
Conceal'd the ocean waves that broke
On channel'd cliffs—that tantalizing
The storming surge, and sieging time,
Stood in creation's youthful prime.

For me all nature has a voice,
The stars a hymn—the moon a lecture,
The sun delights me with the joys
He gives to Earth's illusive picture;
And heaven's high arc, vast and sublime,
Has blest my vision many a time.

But ocean—grand—original,
To me has aye been more entrancing,
Than squadrons at the bugles call
To victory or death advancing;
Sun, moon and stars, are too remote,
And earth is quite familiar got.

But fighting similies are fine
Embellishments to liquid volumes,
Marshall'd in squares—or double line,
Or ev'n deploying into columns;
And ocean never was more proud
Then when en echelon they crowd.

As squandrons then—I said before,
Near by me roll'd a world of water,
Charging upon the trembling shore,
And then retreating as from slaughter;
I thought it mimmicked the clans,
That erst had fought on Preston pans.

Poets have some unmeasur'd grains
Of passion veil'd from vulgar vision,
As arteries lye under veins,
Those without rhymes—these without reason,
Yet each, when loose, as ill to bind
As gentle when kept close confin'd.

Such latent feelings then were mine,
And they had triumph'd o'er me—only
Fear stay'd the rhapsody divine,
And whisper'd I was lost and lonely;
The ill timed guest I knew before,
But never dreaded spectre more.

It came unblest—and brought a crowd
Of pale eyed prodigal companions,
And I stood still, and wept aloud,
Alas my tears were useless vain ones,
I loved my home—but little knew,
Love is so terrible when true.

Broomfield more profligate than I,
Was still a shade or two more hateful;
He first seduced me with a lie,
And afterward he proved ungrateful,
As gallants, in illusive hours,
First love—then leave their paramours.

The sooner sorrow gains its bloom,
The sooner eild-ward it is waning,
And tears have oft bedew'd the tomb,
When mirth beneath the mask was reigning;
But sorrow was no social guest,
To claim a lodging in my breast.

Home was forgot, my fears were gone,
The grief dispell'd that gather'd round me;
Ev'n sorrow, in her sable zone,
A captive thing no longer bound me;
And I made haste to gain the shore,
Where ocean own'd Almighty pow'r.

Beneath a veil of misty hue,
I saw a foam wreath floating o'er it;
The sea gull screaming round it flew,
The waves broke on the beach before it—
All else it seem'd a thing alone,
Sporting upon the water's zone.

I watch'd it dance from wave to wave,
But saw no living creature near it ;
Then I thought surely it must have
Within it Broomfield's water spirit—
And started back, lest it should be
Come there to drown me in the sea.

As kind to land the breeze would court,
So rude the tide to seaward bore it,
As if some witch, in wanton sport,
Had cast her dev'lish cantrips o'er it ;
I thought it was a large mushroom,
That from a distant world had come.

Broomfield made eloquence effete
On things that grew in far off climates,
And though sometimes he would forget
The line where truth has fix'd her limits,
Still I own'd his romances true,
When mushrooms on the Ocean grew.

There's moments when the youthful mind
  Sparkles with Nature's simple grandeur,
Ere care has compass'd and confin'd
  The countless tones that o'er it wander;
Ah me! what tones of trace divine
Have idly wander'd over mine.

To accidental things we owe
  Ideas thro' time's wide circuit reaching;
Untaught, o'er pathless wastes they go,
  To farther, fainter circles stretching—
As when a stone, flung in a lake,
A thousand sleeping waves will wake.

So fancy conjur'd passions up
  That else within my bosom slumber'd,—
The elements of joy and hope,
  And Fame's proud family unnumber'd;
Ev'n fear on tip-toe, large as life,
Stood forth to mingle in the strife.

As onward still the bubble came,
On earth disown'd, from sea discarded,
Another shape, another name,
I fail'd not often to award it ;
Nor doubted once to things on high
It bore some strong affinity.

O ! could it be a token come
From Greece, that Byron's Muse had wept on,
Or Venus' bird, of snowy plume,
Charg'd with her billetdoux to Neptune ?
For Bards have sung, the Gods are heir to
Some little failings in their virtue.

Was it a messenger of wrath,
Or peace, escap'd from human slaughter ?
I mark'd it well, but saw no path
Or place to rest its foot on water ;
Nor ever dream'd the pearly ball
Was but an air blown coronal.

Behind me, on a pebbly mound,
The worshippers of fashion wander'd,
And fishing tribes, fame never own'd,
Along the muscle beds were squander'd ;
Amongst them all I saw no eyes
Begrudging me the frothy prize.

I sat upon a bank, where shells
And tangled rock weed roughly cover'd,
Where wasps, like Cossack centinels,
In indian file, around me hover'd ;
I knew the wasp and hornet clans
Were genuine Republicans ;

But calculated they might claim
A holyday at times to sport in ;
Nor deem'd the ruthless ruffians came,
To triumph o'er me in misfortune,
Till, reaching forth to grasp the prize,
One stung me right between the eyes.

More swift than sparks from smitten steel,
The darkness ever superseded,
I made the little pirate feel
That punishment to crime is wedded,
And shrouded the assassin's rage,
Within his golden equipage.

But when I turn'd to seize the cheat,
That near the cliff had come careering,
'Twas flung in fragments at my feet,
Half disappear'd or disappearing—
A living image, fair and frail,
Of many a heart's unheeded tale.

Whatever hope to wealth bequeaths,
Or song to fame, I've often courted—
To me they've been but flaunting wreaths,
That on life's troubled streams have sported;
And wasps have no such rankling stings
As conscience to the culprit brings.

The joys of youth at distance seen,
With happiness make strange collisions,
Ev'n pleasure, has it ever been
Class'd higher than poetic visions?
But foambells floating on the sea,
Are symbols shorn of mystery.

It is not meet that I should tell
What silence claims of Broomfield's story,
Be this enough—he fought and fell,
A candidate to Naval glory;
And one pale wreath of Attic foam
A moment sparkled o'er his tomb.

Maid of the Isle, [1] in friendship's day
I pledg'd a tribute to your beauty,
And framed for thee this little lay,
Tho' none like lays of love may suit ye;
Still—to the fair, the free, the young,
It is no idle strain I've sung.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

AN ODE.

Lives there beneath the azure zone,
In city pent or cottage lone,
From Royal George on Britain's Throne
To beadsman on Ben-Lommond,
A mortal fewer ills to share,
A heart with less or lighter care,
Than Agriculture's rustic heir
The independent ploughman.

Come gentles, list the peasant's Lay,
Your smiles can well his tale repay,
Else Albyn's muse be mute in May,
The plough his aid and omen.
Come Thompson! Spring is dear to thee,
Her ensigns wanton on the lea,
And Health invites to "come and see,"
The pleasures of the ploughman.

His fields supply what ploughmen want,
His Cottage is a Courtly haunt,
Where Love may dwell—his lattice scant,
The swallow makes her home on;
O, happiness I've sought thee long,
I've woo'd thee oft in many a song,
Indulge a vagrant guest among,
Your proselytes the ploughmen.

Hail, mighty genius of the plough,
To Flora's Levee—welcome thou,
And joy and Janus hither too,
Their wedded symbols summon;

More than the prince of Palestine,
That deem'd the Heathen altars thine,
I'll lavish incense on thy shrine,
Great patroness of ploughmen.

What pleasure's in the din of war,
Where ruin rolls his ruthless car,
Tho' garter'd victors gain a *star*,
Their franchise is the Foeman;
Yoke pow'r and grandeur side by side,
Vain foambells on Life's fleeting tide,
Tho' varnish'd victims *these* may hide,
They 're poison to the ploughman.

Fame lifts the gauntlet Fate has tost,
For Kingdoms won, or Kingdoms lost,
Too prodigal is honbr's cost,
Where thousands sleep one tomb in;
What higher bliss the humbler lot
Of him that dwells in yonder cot,
Where fame has never peal'd a note,
Of triumph o'er the ploughman.

Wealth—splendid vane on hope's high dome,
Fate's ever—everlasting Home,
Where youth and age bewilder'd roam,
On Fortune's smile presuming.
Away vile trash—a ploughman's Boy
Ne'er trifles with such idle toy,
Content—hereditary joy,
Is chartered to the ploughman.

Tho' pomp, the prize of prince and peer,
(Where licens'd pride his crest may rear)
Can marshal Monarchs to her sphere,
Death tells the dream is human,
The early bud of "April flow'r"
Half blossom'd ere his task is o'er,
Ephem'ral sceptre, spans the pow'r
And pageantry of ploughmen.

Acadia, is there aught in thee
So dear as rural charms to me,
Save yon sweet Rose of Jubilee,
So beautiful and blooming :

Fainter celestial spirits shine
On such enthusiast souls as mine,
Whether they "frame a spell" like thine,
Or plume around the ploughmen.

Away, my verse—away, away,
Nor with enchantress' beauty stay,
Tho' mant'ling o'er the plough-boy's lay,
She breathes a rich perfume on;
A fleet may fan the merchant's pride,
A lover's kiss his blushing bride,
But gather'd fields in Autumn's tide
Are glory to the ploughman.

When morning mists, like wreaths of snow,
Lie sleeping on the lakes below,
Or float along the mountain's brow
To greet Aurora's coming,
Then heart to heart in rapture springs,
Love consummates what beauty brings,
And bird in waste and woodland sings
An anthem to the ploughman.

And when the dew at twilight hour
Like icicle hangs on the flow'r,
The weary rustic's labour o'er
He woos his meed from Women;
The dear companion of his toils
Soothes fancied cares with fondest smiles,
Or chance some pledge of love beguiles
The paradise of ploughmen.

Author of good—to him be given
The choicest gifts bestow'd by heaven
And humble life—dark or uneven
Let holy hopes illumine;
Long may the plough his bosom warm,
And manly vigour nerve his arm,
And Agriculture—glorious charm,
Be talisman to ploughmen.

THE COT AND THE YARDIE.

When I was a Shepherd on Scotia's green braes,
Where Tweed's silver streams in soft murmurs meander,
I sat in a covert for many long days,
And play'd on my pipe whilst my flocks nigh did wander.
Beneath me a valley—above me a hill,
Who's echoes delighted awoke when they heard me;
And nigh me a cot (I remember it still)
And a Flow'ret that grew in a bonny kail yardie.

How dear to me still is that beautiful spot,
  How often in secret I sigh'd for the flow'ret;
Ah me! the loved image can ne'er be forgot,
  And a fond recollection still makes me weep o'er it.
For I've wander'd at home—and I've travell'd abroad;—
  Ye sweets of Creation, I've seen and compar'd ye;
And I think a choice blessing to man from his God,
  Is a flow'ret, a home, a snug cot, and a yardie.

One sweet summer's eve whilst I play'd on my reed,
  Dame Fortune, the Muses, and Cupid were roaming:
They chanc'd for to stray down the green banks of Tweed
  And listen'd awhile to my lays in the glooming.—
Then they bade me to ask, and they'd grant me a boon,
  For they said "gentle shepherd 'tis ours to reward ye."
Enraptur'd I heard of their goodness, and soon
  I craved of the Muses to make me a Bardie.

"From hence be a Bard," was the Muses' reply,
  I bow'd—and requested the flow'ret of Cupid—
The gift was so small that he could not deny,
  But marvell'd that mortals were always so stupid.

Dame Fortune was last, and I thought to be sure
The goddess would doubtless some trifle award me—
And I hinted to her, (for she knew I was poor,)
Just to give me a cot and a little wee yardie.

Alas! for her favours are fickle and vain
As the sunbeams that shoot through the dark cloud in summer,
For she promis'd the boon, but forgot to say when,
And I never could catch her again in the humour.
But I've pray'd to the muses again and again,
To plead with the goddess to favour the bardie,
And bequeathe me a spot in some dear Scottish glen—
And a rig of her moorland to be a bit yardie.

It would serve all my wants (for my wants are but few)
Some turf for my fuel from it I would gather,
A patch I would delve for my green kail to grow,
And a drop of good whiskey I'd brew from the heather.
Ye fav'rites of fortune, that riot away,
Amid the profusion that she has conferr'd ye,
Ye shall ne'er be content, let ye have what ye may—
If your wish goes beyond a bit cot and a yardie.

Yet fancy delighted, oft wanders afar,
Illum'd with a sunlight from Hope's lovely halo,
And points to the spot where the fair morning star
Reflects her pale rays in the dear stream of Gala.—
If aught upon earth ever gave me delight,
It was not when the muse to a Bardship preferr'd me—
But to sing all the day, and to dream all the night,
Of my flow'r in the glen, a snug cot and a yardie.

That I've wept o'er the Island that gave me my birth,
I blush not to tell—'tis the island of glory,
The home of my fathers—the dearest on earth,
Yes land of my youth! I will often weep o'er ye.
Thou land of the brave, in the days now afar,
Thy foes to the battle in vain ever dar'd ye;
And a camp of thy foemen (a trophy of war)
Would be plenty of size for a cot and a yardie.

In my dear native vallies there lives a rose tree,
The toils of my youth often made for to flourish—
Though hard be the task 'twere delightful to me,
With the tears of affliction that rose-tree to nourish.

Among the green bracken I'd raise a bit bow'r,
Would shade the lone rose-tree, the flow'r and the bardie;
And a wee little spot of some rich body's moor,
Would never be missed for to be a kail-yardie.

But why should my mem'ry still cherish the thought;
Shall the bard ever wander again by the fountain—
Shall the harp of my youth ever hail the dear cot,
And the yardie that lies on the verge of the mountain.
Ah never! companions of feeling farewell—
May the powers of the sky in their goodness reward ye,
Be wise, and be happy, contented to dwell,
Unknowing, unknown in your cottage and yardie.

Whilst thro' Nova-Scotia's wild forests I stray,
Afar from the friends that I deem'd would weep o'er me;
Where the morning of life like a dream fled away—
The morning of life still forever before me.
Wherever I wander, wherever I roam,
My country, may freedom and peace ever guard ye;
For sweet is the hope and the image of home,
The more—would it spare me a cot and a yardie.

Since contentment to mortals the Fates have denied—
Let me still rhyme away tho' it seem rather stupid;
For the gift of the muses makes life smoothly glide,
And I still have the flow'ret bestow'd me by Cupid.
Then the way to be happy (nor irksome the task)
Is to live whilst ye may—nor can fortune retard ye,
For if we had all in this life we could ask,
There still would be wanting—some Cottage and Yardie.

FLOWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

A fair infant blossom, one sweet summer gloaming,
On the banks of Lake Maynard in beauty was blooming,
I've seen many wild flow'rs both nameless and known,
But I never have seen one so lovely and lone.

The moon's softest beams on its bosom were sleeping,
And the holiest tears of a young maiden weeping
Were never so searching and sinless to view,
As the leaves of that flow'ret embalm'd in the dew.

The humming bird falter'd as onward he came,
And woo'd it with kisses that fancy must frame;
Moore's Loves of the Angels might longer endure,
But surely they were not more saint-like and pure.

The breath of the zephyr is blent with the song
The beetle pours o'er it, as passing along,
And the light wave that comes as an echo on shore,
Lies there, like a shadow, to ripple no more.

Accursed be the hand, tho' that hand were my own,
(But the curse for the curious and idle is thrown,
And the prodigal Florist, more cruel than they,)
That would ravish one leaf from this vestal away.

O! say not, the Bard must idolater be,
Though over this wild flow'r he bended his knee;
For modesty, virtue, and love and content,
In many bright images around it are blent.

Though far be its dwelling, bewilder'd and lone,
On the banks of Lake Maynard, unnamed and unknown,
The BARD must baptize it in fountains of fame,
And the T——, or Flower of Friendship's its name.

Fair gem of the lakelet, tho' light be this Lay,
Perchance it may live, when thou'rt wither'd away;
If not—'tis enough, should but one verse of mine
Hold a tenure as brief—if as beauteous as thine.

THE COXCOMB AND COUNTRYMAN.

A LEGEND OF LOVE.

It happen'd erst upon a time,
(There is no use of dates in rhyme)
In Nova-Scotia's fertile clime,
When rambling was the rage,
A Haligonian Coxcomb once
Met with a Countryman by chance,
Upon the Western stage.

Within the *hold* of this machine,
'Tis reasonable to opine,
There might be passengers enow,
Tho' on the *deck* there were but two,
And as to uptakes for a mile
Or so, it is not worth the while
Such accidents to note;
For stage coach drivers now and then,
Just like the gen'ral bulk of men,
Tho' hidden from the public ken,
Some perquisites have got.

But passing this; it is the top
Of this grand locomotive shop,
That like an endless melo-drama,
Forms a perpetual panorama,
Or rather (but my verses fast roll)
It seems a living country past'ral,
Where rural unities proceed,
As critics have of old decreed.

So much for proem, nothing sorry
I now go forward with my story.

First, then according to this plan,
The Farmer seem'd a simple man;
A little past the hour of prime,
But not so deeply touch'd by time,
As worn with toil and care.
Perchance his "sere and yellow leaf"
Was rather the effects of grief;
For even the flight of fifty years
Wrecks not the frame so much as tears;
Whether they ooze and trickle slow,
Or in wild torrents lavish flow,
Commingling with despair.

It matters not, the Farmer seem'd
To be, and was, a man esteem'd,
Albeit, the eye might nothing scan
In him, more than a husbandman.

Far other was the city beau,
Deck'd off in style from top to toe;
His travelling equipage all fine,
In Fuller's fashionable line;
Yet barring length and breadth of cloth,
The Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim both
Would have been puzzled with his skull,
Altho' his eye was far from dull.
In vain to him bright Flora flaunts
Thro' Windsor's academic haunts;
In vain the cottages and farms
Of Horton show their countless charms;
To him the more than beauteous scene
Of Cornwallis too was vain;
And even the cliffs of Blomidon
He scarcely deign'd to look upon;
As for his fellow passenger,
He never knew that aught was there
Save luggage bales, until
The twilight, tinged with many a shade
That mountain-stream and woodland made,

Had o'er the lovely landscape stray'd
That opens round Kentville.

"The Town" had all his thoughts engross'd,
So far from Town, the sprig was lost;
And only for a *love affair*,
Nought else might wile him from his lair.

Instead of reference by note,
Take leisure here, until I quote
Some good authority to prove
That there is such a thing as Love.

In every climate—in every age,
Some poet, philosopher or sage,
(Leaving the Novelists all aside)
In song and saying, and saw, have tried
To analyze what love may be,
But strange to tell they never agree;
For ever and aye it puzzles all three,
And triumphs still unknown.
Scott, half enthusiast on the theme,

(By the bye he's a novelist too)
And a shadow hangs over his rhyming fame,
Since he *fell* on Waterloo;
But let that be, for still his name
Is an host of itself, and who
Has ever stood on a pinnacle high,
But might let his head go somewhat awry;
If the voice of the world is shouting hurra!
Will the brain not reel—yes well it may,
When dwelling in pride alone.
But of this enough, I had almost forgot
It was an extract that I wanted from Scott;
Tho' in what legend the verse is wrote,
Like the golden gleams of a sun-setting ray,
At the close of a beautiful summer day,
Is far from my mem'ry gone;
Yet I remember he sings that "Love.
Rules in the court, the camp, the grove,
For Love is heaven and heaven is Love."
Further the minstrel singeth not,
In such a strain—but well I wot,

He shows good cause that in some spot,
"Love" must sit on a throne.

Miss Aiken examines the thing with care,
And says—its a "tyrant" and rules—but where?
Aye there's the rub—yet the Lady's reed
Seems in unison with the harp of Tweed;
And some beau, half choked with a terrible sigh,
Must have sat for the picture she colors so high.

So much the poets—next comes Locke,
The *understanding* man—the root;
The remainder being only fruit,
Or boughs that naturally shoot
Out from the parent stock;
Well Locke puts in a special plea,
And says love's only an idea.

"Angels and ministers of grace
Defend us" from that gloomy race;
Madness—this makes it plain, however,
That Locke, altho' he might be clever,

About the human understanding—still
Had never been wooing at Kentville;
Nor seen Miss Hope of Bethel-bowers,
One of Acadia's choicest flowers,
Or certainly he would have said
That love must be—a pretty maid.

The sages, these old cobweb fellows,
It makes no matter what they tell us;
Since all the moderns now-a-days
Nauseate their antiquated ways;
And it is said, instead of loving,
(But this I have no means of proving)
They worshipped a thing called virtue,
A mystery more deep to me
Than any creature, he or she,
In these last days is heir to.

But to my tale—I have a mode
Of writing that is rather odd,
Should I pursue the common plan,
(Tho' it's a question if I can)

I'd write a page of eight or ten,
Or say a dozen lines—and then
Fill up a sheet of anecdotes,
From old black letter books for notes;
But no—I'll mount the Stage again,
And copy from a living scene.

I said "the Town" our beau engross'd,
N. B. 'twas Love engaged him most;
Not Lady Love—oh! no the elf
Was quite enamour'd of himself;
No "passion" his, no sacred fire,
Only an epicure desire;
And when he saw the village fane,
The absent *soul* returned again;
At least as much as hopes of gin,
And the resources of an *Inn*,
May to a dandy give;
And then—but not till then, his eye
Observed the Farmer sitting by;
And quite familiar all at once,

Examining his countenance,
Says " Mister where d' ye live ?"

" I live exactly where I am,"
Replied the stranger very calm.
" Indeed—ha—faith," returned the fop,
" You rather have me, Sir, I hope
There's no offence, I beg your pardon,
My question was not such a hard one.
But readily I think at once, Sir,
Might claim at least a civil answer.
Besides—and yes—no doubt, perchance,
I should excuse your ignorance,
As 'tis but seldom, I allow,
That country people do know how
A question should be framed—much less
What way an answer to express.
But what I simply meant is this,
(And there is nothing in't amiss)
To ask if you are pleased to tell
How far from Town, Sir, you may dwell."

"As far from Town, Sir, as I please,"
Replied the Farmer quite at ease.

"Demme, you are the most uncivil
And ignorant old country devil,
That ever got upon a Stage,"
Shouted the Coxcomb in a rage.
"A brute, by heav'n, that knows not when
Nor how to speak to gentlemen.
The very blocks that live in town,
Are better bred than such a clown.
The Country—zounds, a horrid prison,
I hate it, and I have good reason;
Tho' such a cursed stupid goose
I never thought it could produce;
But where you other than a brute,
Upon my soul I'd call you *out*."

"Aye," says the Farmer with a grin,
"You might have patience 'till we're *in*."

"Confounded knave," retorts the beau,
"What insolence! Sir, do you know

That I'm a gentleman from Town,
In all the highest circles known;
I go to all the clubs and balls,
The levees and the festivals.
I know, Sir, all the Banking Co.
The Members of Assembly too.
And of the Council, eight or nine
Are now acquaintances of mine;
I've been at pic-nics every day,
Since the last thunder storm in May;
And all the ladies know me well—
Ha 'sblood, is this the new Hotel,
'Tis exquisite I must allow. *Aside.*
But who the devil, Sir, are you?"

The Countryman made answer—"Friend,
Here let your quarrel have an end.
It were a task too hard for me
To quench your curiosity.
This is my dwelling—ere we part,
(I care not who, or what thou art,)

I'll say one word—make no excuse,
Seems meant for your especial use.

" The King of Israel fixed some rules
How answers should be given to fools;
But Zion's King forbade that swine
Should taste the pearl of Palestine;
And the commandment being divine,
Is most exceeding broad.

Now, tho' my labors and my name
Be wanting on the rolls of fame;
And even to gentlemen from Town
I may perhaps be quite unknown,
Still I'm acquaint with God."
Then civilly, tho' something dry,
He gave his colleague the good bye.

The sprig of pride left all alone,
Marked not the Countryman was gone,
Until the jerk and jarring din
Had ceased before the " Kentville Inn;

Then, with a vile sarcastic leer,
He whisper'd in the Coachman's ear:
"What canting hypocrite was this
Who sat beside me vis-a-vis,
All day upon the carriage top?"
"Why, Sir, the Reverend Mr. Hope,"
Says Coachee.—"Oh! immortal powers,
The Minister of Bethel-bowers,"
With looks of horrible suspense,
Exclaimed the thing of impudence.
"Oh! Heaven and Earth, and all together,
My beauteous Arabella's father."

"The same," says Coachee, "right, the same,
Exactly, Sir, the lady's name."

"Then blast your tongue and lips I say,
You might have told me *right away*,
When I got first upon your Stage,"
The Coxcomb roar'd in fearful rage.

"By gar," says Coachee, "arrah then,
Your honor, Misther jintlemin,
It is'nt *wrong* I've tould ye now,
And ye're not plazed wi't any how."

STANZAS TO A SCOTTISH THISTLE,

IN NOVA-SCOTIA.

Pride of my native Land!
The Scottish Thistle hail;
Though like a hermit on this strand,
All lost and lonely here ye stand,
Dash'd in the Autumn gale.

When could this Thistle come
From Caledonia here?
I little deem'd, so far from home,
From Warrior's cairn, and Hero's tomb,
To meet thee—symbol dear!

Dear *Caledonian* Flower—
Thine image time endears;
I've sought thee oft at twilight hour,
Pall'd on the olden ruin'd tower—
And bath'd thee with my tears.

And where the classic stream
Sweeps Teviot's hallowed vale,
Nurse of a fond enthusiast's dream,
I've seen thee, like a squadron, gleam
In corslet, helm and mail.

Yet never half so dear
To this fond heart of mine,
As now, to meet thee lonely here,
When ev'ry flower is scath'd and sere,
Nor relict left save thine.

Memorial of the brave,
I lov'd thee when a child,
And gladly saw thee proudly wave
Thy plume o'er many a warrior's grave—
On Scotia's mountains wild.

I never cring'd to pride,
Earth holds no gods for me,
But can I stem the boundless tide
When mem'ry opes her vista wide—
Nor fondly weep o'er thee.

Hail Stranger to the west,
Though waving here concealed,
The wreath of crimson on thy crest
Is dearer to my Scottish breast,
Than plume from battle field.

Flow'rs of unmeasured dye,
And variegated hue,
Congenial to this clime and sky,
A summer's day with thee may vie,
Then *sleep* embalm'd in dew.

Though Indians on thee tread,
And awfully profane,
They count thee but a worthless weed;
Long may thy rev'rend Scottish head
Be left to grace the plain.

Obedient to thy call
Joys come—but not alone,
Like ivy on a mould'ring wall,
Some latent woe commingles all,
Or bounds them in her zone.

Beyond what language tells,
The Minstrel's fate with thine
Is blent with all the mystic spells
That aye with *Plant* or Poet dwells—
By Scotia deem'd divine.

In Fate's ill omen'd hour,
Call'd from our gen'rous clime,
Thy glories fade, illustrious Flower,
And mine alas—are gone before,
A ghost of murder'd time.

Friends, often falsely styled,
Deem ye the moral your's,
Friends of the Muses' vagrant child,
As Fortune's ray fantastic smiled,
Have ye not been like flowers?

Farewell bewilder'd spot—
Farewell delightful scene,
I deem it ne'er shall be forgot,
Memento of my Father's cot—
On Scotia's hills of green.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING MY FRIEND T———N, LOOKING ON A PAINTING OF BURNS' COTTAGE.

Son of the mountain Land—
The Land of song and fame,
I saw thee o'er the canvas stand,
And mark'd the frenzy, wild and grand,
That triumph'd o'er thy frame.

Proud had the poet been,
And gloried in the strife,
To see the Drama I have seen—
Man's noblest passions, warm and keen,
Illume the vault of life.

Song, feeble sorceress,
May well exorcise grief,
But ill can image up—alas,
That scene of human happiness,
So beautifully brief.

In such supernal hours,
Booming like meteors bright,
There must be some recondite pow'rs
Madd'ning these clay machines of ours
With terrible delight.

The painter's potent spell,
Of nature prodigal,
Gillespie—Valentine—or Bell—
T———n it is not mine to tell,
Tho' Burns' enthusiasts all.

But far beyond controul
The rapture of thine eye,
Big with the half embodied soul,
That like a living pearl, did roll
Around it gloriously.

As if when tempests rave
And ocean mantles high,
A bark borne on the beetling wave,
Unpiloted to Heaven's blue nave,
Should wanton in the sky.

Fancy may fondly weave
Keepsakes for lovers kind,
That half the theft of time retrieve,
And dreams imposing shadows leave,
That linger long behind.

Such little trifling toys
Are meet for maiden's ken—
But may not lift their languid voice,
To peer that vast deluge of joys
That floats the ark of men.

Since Albyn was a child
The muse his guest has been,
And oft has verse some flow'rs beguil'd,
That else, ungather'd on the wild,
Had wither'd all unseen.

But language cannot bind
The poetry of thought,
When heart and soul, and strength and mind,
In tabernacles erst confin'd,
To kindred climes are brought.

Could verse—could volumes tell,
The tumult ill represt,
The trance of bliss unspeakable,
The miniature volcano's swell
That quiver'd in thy breast.

The graces too, elate,
Smil'd on the festival,
Pleasure unmingled—pride in state,
And admiration justly great,
Exulting o'er them all.

Far in a distant clime
Sweet visions I have seen,
In life, like episodes sublime,
Tho' few, as Campbell says in rhyme,
Aye—aye, and " far between."

When peace return'd the tide
Of Foemen from the fight,
One summer's eve, on Teviot's side,
I saw Fitzallan meet his bride,
And lovely was the sight.

In youth it was my lot
To watch a christian die,
His exit, on my bosom wrote,
Too holy seems for time to blot,
Or in oblivion lie.

A prodigal came home,
When Albyn was a boy;
Like yesterday, in mem'ry's tome,
I see his Father look welcome,
And faint with very joy.

But never looks like thine
Have met my musing view,
Echoing eloquence divine,
Idolatry—meet for a shrine
Of relics fair and few.

The wild flow'r idly springs
Above the Norman urns,
The mausoleums of Celtic kings
Are lost—forgotten—useless things,
Class'd with the cot of Burns.

Burns—celebrated name—
To us that name belongs,
On cenotaphs it holds no claim,
But lives, a pyramid of fame,
In Scotia's proudest songs.

FRIENDSHIP.

A REVERIE.

If ever a mortal was bless'd with a friend
I once fondly deem'd that bless'd mortal was I,
So modest, so gentle, so loving, so kind,
And so false I may add, for the fantasy's by.

Far hence are the fleeting ideas of delight,
My soul often felt when it blended with thine;
And the halo of friendship's eclipsed in the night,
Where obscurity ever forbids it to shine.

In the chaos where millions unnumbered are lost,
I wander through life like an atom of spring;
But say, what avails all the wealth you can boast,
If contentment's a kingdom—sure I am a king.

There once was a time I deemed friendship a boon,
That heaven in pity bestow'd upon man;
But I never imagined it faded so soon,
Or stabb'd the fond soul where in love it began.

That I've been mistaken I blush not to tell,
And who has not once in their life been so too?
But friendship I bid thee forever farewell!
And the friend that is false an eternal adieu!

When the day is departing—the sweet summer day,
And the sun's fading light lingers long on the hill—
Then the scenes that are fled—that are fled far away,
And the joys of my youth, I remember them still.

Yet these fond recollections are often forgot,
In the fonder illusions of hope's airy dreams;
And memory is faithful no longer to note
The visions that flit like a mist from the streams.

But still there are periods in life that shall never
Be lost till old age shall my mem'ry subdue,
The first when you pledg'd me your friendship for ever;
The last when you bade me a final adieu.

Tho' often by night I have dream'd of the spot,
The home of my youth that no more I shall see;
And by day I have wept o'er the scenes now remote,
As often I've dream'd, and I've wept over thee.

Love's a vision of nature congenial to hearts,
That in phrenzy begins and to madness extends;
But friendship's a tie of the more noble parts,
Where feeling with feeling in unison blends.

The first (if 'tis pure) both the sexes completes,
A blank in the heart is filled up with its joys;
If illicit—'tis lost in the wreck it creates—
And the vital quintescence of life it destroys.

But the last is an union somewhat more divine,
Soul acting on soul with infinite delight.
In one grand climacteric they always combine
As boundless the spell as unmeasured in height.

Then could aught upon earth save a demon resolve
To break the dear ties that were woven around us;
There could—and 'twas R——rs, the spell did dissolve,
And the hand of the minstrel presumptive unbound us.

Companion of feeling !—illusion—avaunt,
'Tis a dream and whene'er I awake it is fled,
Then why does thy language my bosom still haunt,
Like the ghost of the slain in death's panoply clad?

Then R——rs, this long, aye this last fare thee well,
Accept--'tis a tribute to gratitude due ;
And forgive, that your mem'ry I cannot cancell,
Though the BARD and the MUSE are forgotten by you.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

A SONG.

Ev'ry heart has a vein of some tender emotion,
Where fancy, enraptured, gives birth to the tone;
But an Irishman's bosom's a flame of devotion,
Where love, fame and friendship, are blended in one.
And his home;—O! the holiest spot in creation—
Green Erin, he loves it with fond adoration:
Dear Isle, thy remembrance still claims veneration,
Though the Day-star of Freedom be dark in thy zone.

Though far from the land where our fathers are sleeping,
The land where they fought, and the land where they fell;
Though far from the lovers that o'er *us* are weeping,
The Sons of *St. Patrick* who bade them farewell—
No goblets of wine shall we need to inspire us,
For this holy day of our Patron shall fire us,
And the splendor of ages shall learn to admire us,
When wrapt in the mantle of Time's magic spell.

The Heroes of Erin have aye been the columns
Where fame and where freedom their banners could rear;
And the blood of our fathers that roll'd in red volumes,
Has hallowed the home that their mem'ries endear.
Kindred spirits, who in this dark home do bewail her,
Shades of war-men that fell, the rich victims of valor,
Whilst the sons of St. Patrick this morning shall hail her,
We'll pledge them in wine or bequeathe them a tear.

Though the Psalt'ry of Tarah may never awaken
Along the bleak verge of this cold icy shore;
Though the land of our youth in our age we've forsaken,
We'll share in her joys, or her sorrows deplore;

And though our fond hearts should be sad at the picture,
Yet Tyrants *may* weep that exult to afflict her,
And ere ages elapse, the wild rage of some victor
Her full blaze of glory again may restore.

Fill our goblets a bumper—the green Isle of ERIN,
The *Harp* and the *Shamrock*—we'll toast them again;
And the pathos of Minstrels, in song with us sharing,
Transported with feeling enobles the strain.
May each Son of St. Patrick be faithful to nourish
The virtues his Daughters so fondly do cherish,
And the laurels of Erin eternally flourish,
A link in the hearts that now echo—*Amen !*

THE ANTHEM OF ALBYN.

A SONG,

FOR ST. ANDREW'S FESTIVAL.

The Land of St. Andrew, the Land of our birth,
'The Home of our Fathers—the dearest on earth,'
Where heather and thistle the mountains perfume.
Old England may boast of the streaks of her rose,
Green Erin may sing of the Shamrock she grows;
But Scotia's the land of the glen and the fern,
The land of the Clansmen—the land of the cairn,
The land of red heather, of thistles and broom.

The days that are gone, shall we ever forget
When our Clans for their country in battle were met,
The thistle their crest, and the heather their plume;
Then Freedom or Death was the watch-word they gave,
Our heroes gain'd glory—their foes found a grave;
O! many's the Chieftain and Clansman that bled,
But the halo of glory still o'er them is shed,
Encircled with heather, green thistles and broom.

Let Fame give her laurels where fate may ordain,
Let Peace plant her olives where Freedom does reign,
And liberty weep over Waterloo's tomb;
But the pride of a Sotchman, from father to son,
Is to tell of the deeds by their Ancestors done;
And free as the waves on their rough Celtic strand,
To roam the bleak wilds of their lov'd native land,
The land of the heather, the thistle and broom.

Has creation a spot that can peer Caledonia?
Her landscapes so gay, and her woodlands so bonny,
When her thistles are green, and her heather's in bloom;

When the fern his rough coated mantle has spread
On the brown crested columns that tower o'er Tweed ;
And the long waving broom flings her soft yellow blossom
O'er the blue clouds of mist that grace Eildon's proud bosom,
All blushing with heather, with thistles and broom.

From the glens of green Albyn, in youth's blooming morn,
To roam the wild desarts, our fond hearts were torn
Afar from our country, afar from our home ;
But we'll sing all the day, all the night we will dream
Of our heath cover'd mountains and thistle fring'd streams,
Till the day of our PATRON again shall return,
The DAY when our hearts for our country shall burn—
The land of the heather, the thistle and broom.

Then charge, for a bumper we'll toast her again—
Our hearts like our goblets for home we would drain,
Whilst Albyn's wild anthem our feelings relume,
Embalm'd in our bosoms as time flows along,
We'll cherish our land of the shell and the song ;
Tho' all that is grand in creation is ours,
We love nothing more than our time-worn tow'rs,
All mantled in heather, green thistles and broom.

THE PIER OF LEITH.

A SONG.

I stood upon the crowded deck,
Where stood a motley crew;
I turned my eyes on shore again,
To bid my friends adieu.
I saw a maiden from afar,
A smile on me bequeath;
I saw no female form so fair
Upon the pier of Leith.

Not one so lovely seemed to me,
Of all that gathered by,
Though many a blooming girl was there,
With black and beauteous eye.
Her ringlets folded o'er her brow
In many a glossy wreath,
But not a sister curl was seen
Upon the pier of Leith.

Since then I've crossed the ocean wave,
And trode the halls of pride,
And woo'd an heiress for her gold,
And won her for my bride;
Perchance on her my lips may smile,
My love may seem to breathe,
But yet my faithless heart the while
Is on the pier of Leith.

Three summers now have passed away,
Another almost run,
But that wild vision haunts me still,
As if but now begun;

And still her kind and cloudless eye
Meets mine as calm as death,
And aye she seems awaiting me
Upon the pier of Leith.

NOTES TO THE WITCH OF THE WESTCOT.

CANTO FIRST.

1. From fancy conjured many a shade,
That levity and slander made. *Page* 10.

Oh! slander—foul mishapen whelp of fame,
——————————Acadia's shame;
Through ev'ry bye-way yelps thy busy tongue,
At ev'ry door its rankling froth is flung.
Unchanging and unceasing is thy rage,
Tears cannot quench, nor blood its flame assuage;
More deadly than the Simoom's fiery breath,
Thy vapory foam fills every breeze with death.
Poisoning the noble passions of the soul,
And all the floods of feeling as they roll.
* * * * * *
Oh! are ye men to whom is freely given
The spirit of adoption by high Heaven,
Who thus can act the assassins of the soul,
And stab the spirit which ye can't control.
Can woman, she the gentle and the fair,
Our hope, our solace, joy in our despair,
And from the tongue whence love and music flow,
Spit poisons and augment the lists of woe.

ALVAR.

2. Here, as the two old vampire wretches,
The life-stream swallowed like horse leaches,
Whose quenchless thirst is never o'er,
Tug till they burst and gasp for more,
Insatiate still.

There is a striking coincidence between these lines and the following of Alvar's—but this tale was written about eighteen months before the Satirical Sketch, No. 7, appeared in the Novascotian, and I am satisfied he never saw my manuscript.

When once he tastes his wretched victim's blood,
Leechlike he sticks, and laps the sanguine flood.

NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

1. The captives in the prison yard
No longer in their pastimes shared. *Page* 37.

The spot designated Creighton Creek, directly opposite Halifax on the eastern side of Chebucto Bay, was formerly occupied as a Depot for prisoners of war—it is at present the property of John Allen, Esq.

2. Hence moral ill and moral good,
Have by some standard measure stood. *Page* 43.

A young gentleman of classical attainments, for whom I entertain a considerable degree of partiality, in perusing this passage, denied the existence of a moral evil, I asserted that it does exist, and promised to prove it from good authority. The following quotation from Dwight's Theology, appears to me quite sufficient.

"The difficulties attending the existence of moral evil, are, I readily confess, very great, and they easily become very distressing, whatever scheme of thought we may adopt concerning this subject, that is, if we pursue it to any extent. But, I apprehend, the chief of those difficulties which necessarily attend us, will be found to lie in the fact that *moral evil does exist.*"

SER. XXXII.

"The truth is, the subject of moral evil is too extensive and too mysterious to be comprehended by our understanding. Some things the Scriptures teach

as concerning it, and those are usually furnished with important evidence from facts. Many other things pertaining to this subject lie wholly beyond our reach."—*ibid.*

3. The prophets vision more sublime,
Looks to an everlasting home. *Page* 51.

Will the reader be kind enough to peruse with attention, the 21st Chapter of the Revelation of St. John.

4. His country seat (I mind it still)
Was up the Basin, near Sackville. *Page* 55.

A friend of mine informed me lately, that there was a Colonel Scott who formerly occupied the villa of Sackville. I was not aware of the fact at the time this was penned—and further, this gentleman it seems had a mill in the immediate vicinity of the present Bridge, but during a *freshet*, the mill was swept away; and the Colonel, like a good natured Soldier, went out upon the bank with his Bagpipes and played a tune over the ruins, which he entitled,' What comes with the wind goes away with the water.'

5. Biencourt Isle, Biencourt Isle. *Page* 58.

Haliburton, the Historian of Nova Scotia, has an old French map in his possession, that exhibits a dwelling place of considerable magnitude upon Goat Island, in the Annapolis River, bearing the title of *Biencourtville*, from which authority I have presumed to substitute Biencourt Isle for the less poetical one of Goat Island.

6. Whilst savage whoop and fiendlike yell,
Are echoed from the proud Moschelle. *Page* 58.

The Moschelle hill rises on the east side of the Annapolis river, and looks "proudly" over not only Goat Island, but an extensive Landscape of the most pleasing scenery, perhaps in Nova Scotia.

7. But when the spring in fairy sheen,
On Meux spread her mantle green. *Page* 59.

The Meux are two delightful eminences that command an imposing effect on entering Annapolis from the east.

8. The village of Rosette, &c. *Page* 59.

The site of this village is about six miles up the river from Annapolis. It was formerly burnt by the French and Indians, during the provincial war, and there is now scarcely a vestige of it remaining, owing no doubt to the perishable nature of the materials of which it was formed.

9. Fort Maria, &c. *Page* 59.

The French appellation of the Annapolis fortress.

10. Nor make these movements known, until
They posted picquets on Round Hill. *Page* 60.

Round-hill is situated about a mile from Rosette, farther up the River, and from its peculiar position must have been an excellent military post during the conflicting claims of the French and English to 'Acadia.'

11. But ere their farthest faintest tramp,
Had ceased beyond the Banlieue swamp. *Page* 61

The Banlieue, according to Haliburton, included the lands and inhabitants within a gun shot or three miles of a fortification.—*See Haliburton's History vol.* I. *page* 90.

12. My home his wigwam. *Page* 63.

I must here observe, that notwithstanding the inhabitants of Europe are apt to entertain horrid ideas of the ferocity of these savages, as they are termed, I received from every tribe of them in the interior parts, the most hospitable and courteous treatment, and am convinced that till they are contaminated by the example and spirituous liquors of their more refined neighbors, they retain this friendly and inoffensive conduct towards strangers. Their inveteracy and cruelty to their enemies, I acknowledge to be a great abatement of the favourable opinion I would wish to entertain of them; but this failing is hereditary, and having received the sanction of immemorial custom, has taken too deep root in their minds to be ever extirpated.—*Carver's Travels, page* 25

13 With water from Rosignol mixed. *Page* 65.

This Lake is situated in Queen's County, being on the Indian route from Liverpool to Annapolis, and is, according to Haliburton, the largest in the Province.

14 And I was quiet till the veil
Of twilight mantled Marlaquille. *Page* 68.

The Historian of Nova Scotia informs me, that there was formerly an extensive Indian village on the banks of Lake Rosignol, the name of which is now unknown, and being at full liberty, I have endeavoured to rescue it from oblivion, under the designation of Marlaquille.

15 And mutter'd o'er the fatal scene,
That in the Bloody Creek had been. *Page* 68.

Haliburton's account of this affair is as follows :—" Captain Pigeon, an officer of the Regulars, was sent up the River with a strong detachment, to reduce them (the Acadians) to subjection, and procure timber for the repair of the Fort. While in the performance of this duty, they were surprised by a great body of Indians, who killed the Fort Major, the Engineer, and all the boat's crew, and took between 30 and 40 prisoners.*—*Hist. Nova Scotia*, vol. I, p. 91.

* The scene of this disaster is situated about 12 miles above the Fort, on the road to Halifax, and is still called the Bloody Creek.

16 And there his paascowee is still
The manitou of Marlaquille. *Page* 69.

They place great confidence in their Manitous, or household gods, which they always convey with them, and being persuaded that they take upon them the office of centinels, they sleep very securely under their protection.—*Carver's Travels, page* 309.

17 Yet I abode in Marlaquille,
Among the Wuspem tribe, until
The village chiefs in counsel met,
To smoke the pipe with pale Rosette. *Page* 71.

Although Haliburton says, that the Micmacs are only a tribe, from an authority historically correct, yet I think it much better to consider them a nation, to correspond with certain poetical purposes, and this is quite reasonable, from their isolated situation. Accordingly, I divide them into three tribes—first, the Wuspem, or tribe of the Lake, to be located in the neighborhood of Rosignol and the western quarter of the province—second, the Waghon, or tribe of the Long-Knives, to inhabit the regions of the Shubenacadie, and the middle division—and third, the Monguash tribe, to occupy Canseau, and the eastward. Carver says :—Every separate body of Indians is divided into bands or tribes, which band forms a little community with the nation to which it belongs. As the nation has some particular symbol by which it is distinguished from others, so each tribe has a badge from which it is denominated, as that of the Eagle, the Panther, the Tiger, the Buffalo, &c.—*Carver's Travels, page* 255-6.

Also, Charlevoix says—Many nations have each three families, or principal tribes, as ancient in all probability as their origin. They are nevertheless derived from the same stock, and there is one who is looked upon as the *first* who has a sort of a pre-eminence over the two others, who style those of this tribe *brothers*; whereas, between themselves, they style each other *cousins*. These tribes are mixed without being confounded, each has its distinct chief in every village, and in the affairs which concern the whole nation, these chiefs assemble to deliberate thereon, each tribe bears the name of some animal, and the whole nation has also one whose name they take, and whose figure is their mark, or as one may say their coat of arms.—*Charlevoix Travels, page* 180.

NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

18 From Creighton Hall the guests are gone,
The prison creek is left with none. *Page* 100.

In the course of the succeeding year (1750) they (the Indians) surprised the little town of Dartmouth, on the other side of Halifax bay, where they killed and scalped a great number of people, and carried off some others.—*General Description of Nova Scotia, page* 68.

Since this note was written, I have received the following from a literary friend, which I feel great pleasure in having it in my power to subjoin:

"On the spreading bay of Chebucto, scarce a ripple disturbed the placid waters, which seemed to revel in this tranquil sylvan scene, for which they had deserted the swelling Ocean's mighty currents. Yet they seemed in gratitude to kiss the forest which skirted and covered the shores to the very brink, as the gentle tide flowed and receded alternately in measured movements, and upon the pebbly beach, it sounded in the ear of the wandering Micmac, like the soft sighing of his loved, his own huntress. The summer sun had just set, leaving that peculiar mellow color in the western horizon that our climate boasted—mingled with this were the thousand richer tints that belong to the season, when the exhalations from the warm earth thicken the medium, and refract the last rays of day.

"The early settlers of Halifax had at this time made themselves comparatively comfortable. A season or two had passed over, and they had begun to be reconciled to the wild nature in the midst of which their rising town was placed. They had learned to venture in small parties with the gun or the

line—and levy contributions on the winged and finny races. Fortified by slight entrenchments and palisades, and blockhouses, and encouraged by the presence of a regular military force, they had ventured to form another and smaller settlement on the eastern side of their harbor, where many were beginning to build for themselves, and clear spots of grounds, while a blockhouse and small corps of soldiers protected them.

"It was a lovely afternoon, and some of the townspeople had been over to the new village to while away their leisure—but had returned before sunset. Peace and tranquility reigned—no apprehensions existed. The weary veteran sat smoking his pipe on a bench, discoursing with his comrades of the field of Blenheim, the gallant Duke of Marlborough, the siege of Edinburgh Castle, or the sanguinary plains of Culloden. The merchant was putting back into his store the goods he had exhibited during the day—the laborers were returning to their little cots, from their daily task, and the evening drum and sundown gun, proclaimed that a long and delightful day had closed.

"A sound of woe came across the smooth haven, on which the stars first visible were already faintly reflected. It was the scream of some wretched parent, perchance, in terror for the life of her little ones—for the wild and appalling war-whoop of the Redmen soon re-echoing over the tide, proclaimed that destruction was at work in the little village of Dartmouth. The savages crept on them stealthily, and surprised them scattered and unarmed.

"The soldiers in the little blockhouse of Dartmouth, were unable, from want of numbers we may suppose, to face them. The ground, too, was decidedly unfavorable to the warriors of Europe. The tree, the thick bush, are the Redman's entrenchments—to the European they are an impediment and embarrassment of no ordinary description.

"A few daring and active persons from Halifax got across in the first boats they could seize, in time to prevent the massacre of the settlement from being total. At their first attack, the Indian force began to give ground, and after a short combat retreated into the impenetrable and impervious glooms of the primeval forest, aided by the cover of night.

"The next day the remains of the slain were brought across the harbor—and the settlement was then almost entirely abandoned for a long period, until the tomahawk had been buried by the white headed chiefs of the Redman, and had rusted in its peaceful cemetery."

19 And doubling round the Devil's isle,
A ship veers to the east defile. *Page* 106.

In 1723, there was a very general war commenced by all the tribes in this

quarter—the Richibuctos—the Micmacs, and Penobscots. In the latter part of July, they surprised Canso, and other harbors near to it, and took 16 or 17 sail of fishing vessels, all belonging to Massachussets; Governor Phillips happened to be at Canso, and caused two sloops to be manned, partly with volunteer sailors from merchant vessels, which were loading with fish, and sent them under the command of John Elliot, of Boston, and John Robinson, of Cape Ann, in quest of the enemy. Elliot as he was ranging the coast, espied seven vessels in a harbour called Winnessang, and concealed all his men except four or five, until he came near to one of the vessels which had about 40 Indians on board, who were in expectation of another prize falling into their hands. As soon as he was within hearing they hoisted their pendants and called out "strike, English dogs, and come on board, for ye are all prisoners;" Elliot answered that he would make all the haste he could; finding he made no attempt to escape they began to fear they had caught a Tartar, and cut their cable with intent to run on shore, but he was too quick for them, and immediately boarded them; for about half an hour they made a brave resistance, but at length some of them jumping into the hold, Elliot threw his hand grenadoes after them, which made such havock, that all which remained alive took to the water, where they were a fair mark for the English shot. From this or a like action, probably took rise a common expression among English soldiers and sometimes English hunters, who when they had killed an Indian, made their boast of having killed a black duck—five only reached the shore.

Elliot received three bad wounds, and several of the men were wounded, and one killed—seven vessels with seven hundred quintals of fish, and fifteen of the captives were recovered from the enemy—they had sent many of the prisoners away, and nine they had killed in cold blood; the Nova Scotia Indians had the character of being more savage and cruel than the other nations.

Robinson retook two vessels and killed several of the enemy; five other vessels the Indians had carried so far up the Bay, above the harbour of Malagash, that they were out of his reach, and he had not men sufficient to land, the enemy being very numerous.

The loss of so many men enraged them, and they had determined to revenge themselves upon the poor fishermen, about twenty of whom yet remained prisoners at Malagash (Lunenburg) harbour, and they were all destined to be sacrificed to the manes of the slain Indians, the powowing and other ceremonies were performed, when Captain Blin in a sloop appeared off the harbour, and made the signal or sent in a token which had been agreed upon between him and the Indians, when he was their prisoner, should be his protection. Three of the Indians went on board his vessel, and agreed for the ransom both

of vessels and captives which were delivered to him, and the ransom paid.—*General description of Nova-Scotia*, Page 46—7.

20 And Cusawoe from these could tell
What olive branches image well. *Page* 106.

Carver, in the history of his travels, says that ' the pipe of peace is of the same nature as a flag of truce among the Europeans, and is treated with the greatest respect and veneration, even by the most barbarous nations. I never heard of an instance where the bearers of this sacred badge of friendship were ever treated disrespectfully, or its rights violated. The Indians believe that the Great Spirit never suffers an infraction of this kind to go unpunished.

' The pipe of peace, which is termed by the French the Calumet, for what reason I could never learn, is about four feet long, the bowl of it is made of red marble, and the stem of it of a light wood, curiously painted with hieroglyphicks in various colours, and adorned with the feathers of the most beautiful birds.

' Every nation has a different method of decorating these pipes, and they can tell at first sight to what band it belongs. It is used as an introduction to all treaties, and great ceremony attends the use of it on these occasions.

' If no obstructions arise to put a stop to the treaty, the painted hatchet is buried in the ground as a memorial that all animosity between the contending ing nations has ceased, and a peace taken place. Among the ruder bands, such as have no communication with the Europeans, a war club painted red, is buried instead of the hatchet.

' A belt of wampum is also given on this occasion, which serves as a ratification of the peace. These belts are made of shells found on the coast of Virginia, which are sawed out into beads of an oblong form about a quarter of an inch long, and round like other beads, being strung on leather strings, and several of them sewed neatly together with fine sinewy thread. They then compose what is termed a belt of Wampum.

' The shells are generally of two colors, some white, and others violet, but the latter are more highly esteemed than the former. They are held in as much estimation by the Indians as gold, silver, or precious stones by the Europeans.'—*pages* 359—62.

NOTES TO THE LEGEND OF LOON.

1 And hence 'tis inferred mine's no yesterday tale.
Page 115.

Least some of my readers should be led to suspect the fidelity of Albyn's use, I subjoin the following picture of Acadia, in 1831, drawn by a contemrary poet.

'Acadia's shame,' whose sting more venomous
Than serpent's tooth, deep rankling in the heart,
Inflames almost to madness, urging oft
The hapless victim e'en to verify
The slanderous tale; or else upon his mind
Incessant preying, like a canker worm,
Withers each rising hope, even in the bud;
Blasts the fair prospects that he once indulged
Of honest fame; and having paved his way
Through wasting grief to an untimely grave,
Points at him as the prey of late remorse,
Or unrequited love; and bids the world
Take heed by his example, and be warned:
Or else with scornful pity dares insult
His memory, pointing out his hapless fate
As the best confirmation of her *lies*.
For *Slander* doth not only magnify,
But oft createth. Having marked her prey,
Perhaps for daring contrary to act
To what her narrow prejudice prescribes;
With shrug and gesture, more significant
Than words, she prophecies the certain e[illegible]
Detested screech-owl! and once having s[illegible]
'It will be so, ere long;' with horrid joy,
Watches for the fulfilment, nor will stop
At being instrumental to that end.
Frustrated of her aim, if not a flaw
She can discern, whereon to exercise
Her magnifying power, she then resorts
To blackest falsehood, rather than confess
She judged at first too harshly. The foul tale,
Too eagerly received; each word, each look

Each trivial circumstance recalled with care,
Is turned, and twisted, to afford a proof
Additional, and *' trifles light as air,*
Are dwelt upon as confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.' Nor in the breast
Of man, alone, is she content to reign;
From beauty's rosy lips, how oft we hear
Her withering accents fall; a sister's fame
Is tossed from mouth to mouth with cruel scorn,
And conscious innocence availeth nought
Against the whispered charge.

2 Or say Haliburton, who taught us her glory. *Page*

I make no apology for parodying the following memorable assertion late venerable Attorney General: 'Nobody ever supposed Scotland to a country as it is, until Sir John Sinclair published his Statistical accour Nor did any body suppose Nova Scotia to be such a fine flourishing teresting country as it is, until Judge Haliburton published his Histori Statistical account of it—and still to the stranger that dwelleth beyo 'broad waters,' his luminous work is not unlike the report of Soloman's that reached the ears of Sheba's Queen.

3 Edwin the 'Lord of her lute and her lays.' *Page*

What Pope said of Akenside is very applicable to this masculine "this is no every day writer."

NOTE TO THE TRUANT AND FOAMWREATH.

1 Maid of the Isle. *Page* 158.

This article was originally designed for a young Lady's Album, but be conveniently long, has received another destination.